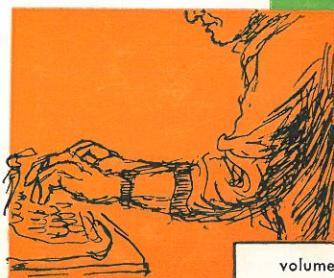
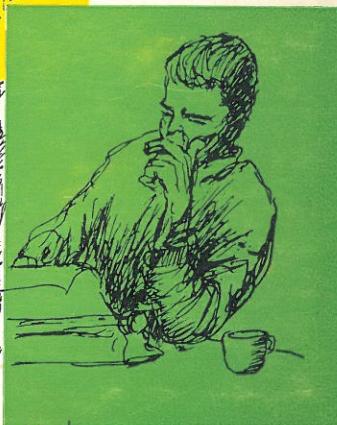
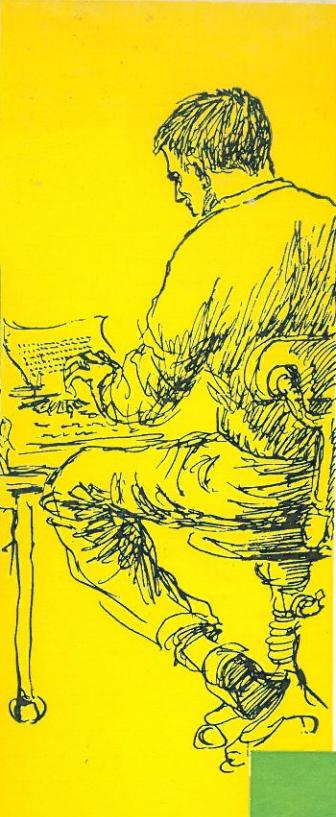


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Take Care, My Dove

By
Cyril M. Gulassa

JUANITA'S HANDS tightened on the rough wood of the oak fence. She watched her father take the hand of her mother and help her into the wooden wagon. Papa clambered in beside mama, took up the reins and clucked, "Up Pepe! Up, lazy son of the devil." The tired horse switched its tail and strained forward. The gray wagon jerked, then squeaked and rattled down the road, the dust rising lazily behind it. Finally Juanita could no longer contain the sadness of her heart. She ran through the open gate and down the road, her long, full legs quickly bringing her beside the jogging cart.

"Take care, my papa," she panted. "May the Holy Mother watch over thee!"

Papa touched a finger to his lips and threw Juanita a kiss. "Do not worry, my little dove. Pepe will bring us back with the evening sun."

Mama looked apprehensively at her daughter. Papa noticed it, and made a motion for her to smile. Then he turned to Juanita and broke into a broad grin full of white teeth. "I will bring the pretty cloth for the dress. And tell Pedro to feed the chickens!" He whistled to Pepe who twitched his ears and nodded his head more vigorously to his shambling pace.

Juanita stopped running, and waved until the cart dwindled to a hazy speck. She whispered after them, "Si, papa, come back before the shadow of the stone mountain touches the road, and the first star of the evening comes to drink at the heavens." She kicked her sandals stubbornly at the road. Why did they not take her with them? She had heard papa at night talk of the wonderful village of La Junto Nuevo. The tiny white shops in the streets, the handsome caballeros in the cabarets. Once, many harvests ago, papa had taken her there to hear Father Garza say the holy mass. The sacred man had given her a statue of the Virgin. Now it still stands on the table beside her oak bed. But Father Garza no longer comes to the village because the droughts have driven the people away.

THE DRY dust tickled her toes and she wriggled them luxur-

iously. Her anger melted. She laughed and swung her arms, and affected a little dance. Then the dark mountains caught her eyes. How slowly the jagged stone rose to the soft clouds. From its side tumbled a stream that spun a silver ribbon across the plains. Shady oaks wandered along with the stream, but never strayed far from its banks. Perhaps this morning she would bathe by the mossy rock. Yes, thoughts of the city would vanish when her foot touched the icy water. But first, she stooped to pluck a wild flower. A gray lizard scurried away. She brought the flower to her nose, sighed, and buried its stem in her raven hair. She must remember to thank the Holy Virgin for the beauty of the valleys and plains of Mexico. Surely when the great Father made the paradise of Eve, he made it here in this beautiful land.

Her hands swiftly plucked the reddest blossoms from a cluster of flowers and wove them into a wreath. That was for the statue of the Virgin. Today she would light the candle and pray to her to bring papa and mama home safely. And the cloth. Papa must not forget the cloth, for at night by the fire she would make a pretty dress and then she would go to the village. How jealous Pedro would be. Overhead a flock of doves whistled by. They are God's messengers. Surely, a thing so beautiful as the bird is close to God. How sad the doves sometimes cried in the evening. They weep

for all the wickedness in the world. The wickedness of the howling dogs and great hawks that steal chickens, of the rats that eat the eggs of birds. She would pray this morning that all the creatures of the plains might escape the hunger of the beasts. But she knew that some must die.

She turned into the gate and looked back after the cart. The road lay still and empty, for distance had swallowed up the wagon. The bright sun of the morning brought her hand to her eyes. Perhaps she could see them as they drove over the pass.

BEHIND Juanita squatted the adobe house of the Guanacevi. The ends of its log frame work jutted from the bone-white walls, and along these walls little manzanitas rose bravely. In the rear blackberry bushes thrived, and invited the many little birds that hopped and chirped throughout the day. Sometimes quail nested in the sweet grass until the drought sun came to burn the fields dry. To the right sagged an old barn, the refuge of the wild doves. Its doors yawned wide, and within its cool shadows stood Pedro, one of his lean, muscular arms leaning against the handle of a plow. He stroked his moustache thoughtfully while his keen eyes watched Juanita like the hawk watches the hens. "Pedro," he said to himself huskily, "Papa Guanacevi has left his treasure for thee to guard. Maybe thou will steal it, no?" As the wind caught the hem of Juanita's skirt and drew it

tight against her long legs and her round buttocks, Pedro's brown hand tightened on the plow handle. "*Caramba!*" he whispered hoarsely, and invoked a long list of saints to bear witness to her beauty.

Juanita turned and saw him. "*Buenos dias, Pedro,*" she shouted. Her hand, still clutching the wreath of flowers, waved. He waved back and stepped out into the sun. The tassels on his sombrero danced with each step.

"Pedro, why do you wear the hat of feast days?"

"Today," he said cryptically, "is the greatest of all feast days." Then he explained. "It is the anniversary of the marriage of my parents who have gone to heaven."

She smiled and wished him happiness. Then she pointed to the clucking hens. "Papa says, 'tell lazy Pedro not to forget to feed the chickens'."

"In time, Juanita, in time."

She turned and ran into the house. There was much to be done. She washed the wooden bowls in the pan of water, and dried them with a strip of cloth that she hung back in the sun. The broom, a slender stick with chicken feathers bound at one end, guided by her quick hands soon cleaned the dirt floor. The little dust made her sneeze. "*Cielos,*" she cried, how the dust tickles." She watered the little plants in the window, and hung the pot behind the door. She looked at the rifle that hung on

the wooden pegs and thought, "If the hawk comes today, I will kill it!" Turning around swiftly so that her cotton dress swished, she took the wreath of flowers from the table and placed it on the statue of the Virgin. Too large, it fell to the shoulders. She lit a little candle and knelt on the oak board. "Holy Mother, bring papa and mama home without harm—and remind papa to buy the cloth." She thought for awhile, then added, "and make Pedro feed the chickens."

THE SOUND of a sandal on the hard earth floor turned her head. "Caramba!" She touched her hands to her breasts. "Pedro, you frightened me."

Pedro's lips drew back in an uneasy smile. He swept off his sombrero and bowed so low his coarse hair brushed the ground. "I have come to receive your orders, desert flower."

"*Por Dios*, Pedro, but you are mad. Go, go take thy clumsy feet into the yard and feed the chickens."

He ignored her command. "This morning, Juanita, I watch the wild birds make their nests. I watch the warm sun of my father and my father's father awaken the sleeping seeds in the cool earth. I watch the fish leap in the stream. Pedro sees all God's work and he says, 'Pedro, the time has come to find a woman!'"

"Pedro," she answered still kneeling, "many, many women live in the village. I will ask papa to let you go with him the next

time. Now go, feed the chickens!"

But Pedro did not hear her. He stood there smiling and turning the sombrero in his hands. Suddenly fear swept through her like the first wind of the storm. "Pedro," the words hissed through her white teeth, "do not come near me!"

Pedro tossed his sombrero on the bed and extended his hand. She instinctively drew away. He smiled and his lips quivered. "Do not be afraid, little flower. Pedro will not harm thee."

She crossed herself and whispered to the Virgin to protect her. But Pedro did not come near her. Pedro was too cunning to take her by force. He sat on the edge of her bed and raised his brows with surprise. "Little flower, I have only come to watch thee grind the corn."

"But today I do not grind the corn. You know the *metate* lies idle until the harvest."

"What does Juanita do today?"

"Today Juanita does nothing!"

"Then Pedro has come to watch Juanita do nothing."

"Go, Go! big sheep, to the chickens."

"Thy anger makes thee red like the rose."

"You are the donkey."

"Thou art the white hen clucking angrily."

"You are the hawk come to kill."

"Thy lips are the sweetness of berries."

Juanita seized the statue in her

hands and pressed it to her bosom. "The Virgin protects me. Go from my father's house."

"Ah, *mi alma*, why do you shout? It is only poor Pedro who helps thy father to grow the corn. But do not despair. It is only that the presence of your beauty drives me mad like the weed crazes the beasts. True, thy powerful Virgin shall always protect thee. Pedro will go and feed the chickens." He got up and disappeared through the door.

JUANITA kissed the statue before placing it back on the stand. Then she went to the window. While the chickens squawked and fluttered at his feet, Pedro scattered corn from a basket. She watched him carefully. He has the way with creatures, for his voice is soft and gentle. A shadow fluttered across the yard and she looked up to see a red tailed hawk spiral slowly in the eddying heat, waiting for the man to leave its prey. "Pedro, Pedro, the hawk!" Pedro waved the basket and shouted, his deep voice rolling across the plains. The hawk swooped, then glided away into the redwoods by the stream. Her heart heaved against her breast. The hawk, always the hawk or the howling dogs.

Pedro threw the basket into the barn and sauntered to the window. "Do not despair, Juanita. That is the way of the Lord. The big always harm the little."

Juanita never thought of it that way. Was that the way of the Lord? No! that was the way of

the devil.

"Juanita, little flower, art thou still angry?"

Juanita shook her head no. She leaned on the sill and looked over the fields. The corn was already as high as the ankles. Soon their beards will toss in the winds, and there will be much work to do.

Pedro studied her dreaming face. He could smell the flower in her hair. Slowly his eyes wandered to her breasts—the soft flesh and the dark cleft. Dampness seized his hands, and the thoughts whirled in his head. He could not think. The perfume, the dark cleft—if his hands could touch . . . suddenly he grabbed her hair and pulled her screaming mouth to his lips. "Aiee!" She bit him. He fell to the earth and she slammed the window. "Caramba! A Tigress!"

Then the window opened slowly and the muzzle of a 38/56 glinted in the sun. Pedro's eyes widened as they stared at the black hole of death. He jerked his body to one side just as the weapon roared. Dirt stung his face and the smashed slug whined off into the distance. He heard the click of the lever. He leaped to the corner of the house and flattened himself against the rough clay wall. "Juanita!" he screamed. Nothing came back but stillness. The scent of burnt powder drifted around the corner.

INSIDE the house Juanita crouched in a corner. She would remain there until her father returned. If Pedro came in,

she would kill him. She heard him scream, "Juanita, Juanita!" Filthy pig of a man. Did he not know the Virgin would protect her. The power of the Virgin is strong! She filled her eyes with the open doorway. One shadow, one fleeting move and the gun would speak.

"Would thou kill me?" the voice cried.

"Si, Si, thou stinking goat!" Suddenly she heard sandals running toward the barn. She jumped to the window, caught a patch of his white shirt in the sights, and squeezed the trigger. The butt of the gun leaped from her shoulder and struck her savagely on the breasts. Her eyes swam with pain. Through their mist she could see Pedro lying in the dust, a patch of red slowly widening on the back of his shirt. "Madre, Madre what have I done?" Then she remembered. "I have killed the howling dog, not the man. I have slain the hawk that steals the chickens." She worked a fresh shell into the chamber and started to walk outside. Ah, the dizziness filled her head. As she sank onto the wool blanket of the bed, the rifle fell from her hand and clattered to the floor. Turning her

eyes toward the statue, she smiled and fell asleep.

As THE GUANACEVI wagon bumped over the road, mama complained that she was tired. Papa laughed. "Many years have stolen away thy youth. Once thou wert as fresh as Juanita, but now thou art old like Pepe." He clucked and the beast twitched its ears. "Look, mama, he wonders when he shall rest."

Mama grumbled. "Thy brains are the brains of Pepe."

Papa slapped his leg and whistled. "Thou art worried about Juanita, no? Have no fear, mama. Pedro, is he not a handsome, strong man? Has not Juanita the softness of the dove? Is this not the time of love? Even now they lie in one another's arms. When we return Juanita will tell us all. Then I shall say to Pedro, 'Thou must marry my daughter.' And he shall, for have I not seen his eyes follow her everywhere? Then we shall have a strong son to take care of us." Mama shivered. Papa fixed the shawl around her shoulders. "Patience, mama." Silently he watched the shadow of the stone mountain creep toward the road.

ARTHUR MILLER'S SILENT REPLY

By
JAMES
O'BRIEN

LAST JULY, Playwright Arthur Miller strode to the witness chair of the House Un-American Activities Committee to face the blunt questions of Politician Donald Jackson. During the questioning Jackson demanded that Miller divulge the names of the persons who accompanied him in his visits to a half dozen Communist propaganda meetings in 1947. Miller calmly replied that such a revelation was "indecent."

At this unique reply, Jackson started. His surprise, however, was not purely exclusive. Many a playgoer knotted his eyebrows in curiosity at Miller's reserve, for the devotees of the theatre all know that Miller is a man possessed, in his own phrase, of "a roaring credo."

Yet, if one considers the House Investigation as the second courtroom drama in which Arthur Miller was involved, one is not so astonished by Miller's terse reply. Miller's first courtroom session took place three years earlier, in 1953, when he delved into the records of the Salem Witch Trials to write his powerful historical play, *The Crucible*.

So parallel is the situation in *The Crucible* with the situation of Miller's hearing that the author, in writing the play, seems to have been endowed with a preternatural sense of prediction. In *The Crucible* a young robust farmer named John Proctor rails against the uprighteous judges and the diabolical accusers in Salem who are everyday sending

more and more "sinners" to the gibbet. When Proctor's wife Elizabeth is dragged off to court for sticking a pin into a doll and thus (according to superstition!) causing one Abigail Williams to be mysteriously pricked by some material object, Proctor is forced to bare the rotteness of Abigail Williams' soul to save his wife's life. But in baring Abigail's hellish soul, he bares his own equally rotten soul, for it is John Proctor himself whom Abigail Williams has committed adultery with. Proctor, through his self-accusation, admits his own personal allegiance with the devil, but refuses to sign a written statement of his guilt which would probably sway innocent people into admitting an allegiance with the devil that was merely imagined.

Both John Proctor in the play and Arthur Miller in real life admit committing a mistake. Proctor acknowledges the guilt he has deserved in committing fornication. Miller acknowledges the mistake he has made in attending Communist meetings. Both, however, refuse to involve their friends in any way in their personal guilt.

THIS POINT hints at a doctrine which is fundamental to most of Miller's tragedies. This doctrine states that the greatest challenge facing a man is to leave his family, and circulate in society in an attempt to reproduce the intimate bonds of trust and friendship that are inherent in the tightly-knit family. It is contain-

ed in a question which, Miller claims, all great plays deal with. That question is: "How may a man make of the outside world a home?" This notion of transferring the spirit of family relationships to the social sphere is dealt with in two of Miller's earlier tragedies, *All My Sons* and *Death of a Salesman*.

In *All My Sons* it is Chris Keller, a sensitive bachelor of thirty-two, who recognizes the connection between the sphere of the family and the sphere of society. He believes that society should be one huge brotherhood, in which all the members implicitly trust one another and work for the betterment of one another.

Chris' attitude crashes head-on into the outlook of his father, Joe Keller. Joe is an uneducated machine shop boss for whom the world is a huge, dollar-filled safe. Joe considers it his task to drill as many holes in the safe and snatch out as many dollars as possible without springing the safe door and arousing public alarm. Keller vindicates his attitude on the grounds that everyone else is out to make a buck and, besides, he is attempting to reap a fortune merely to give his sons every opportunity to succeed in life.

HOWEVER, in one instance, his thin strands of purpose snap completely. During the war he has been awarded a government contract to produce airplane engines. When a hundred and twenty engines come off the production line with cracked

heads, Keller patches over the defect and ships the engines to the government. Later, twenty-one of the engines fail in flight. Keller is arraigned before a government court to account for the twenty-one deaths, but he slips out of the noose of guilt by ascribing the decision solely to his business partner.

Having eradicated his guilt in the public eye, Keller returns to his machine shop and revives his temporarily neglected business to booming proportions. But the machines cannot roar loud enough to drown out the voices of personal justice. Onto the scene comes Ann Deever, a young woman in love with Chris Keller. She carries with her a letter which affirms to Joe Keller a simple fact, a fact infinitely more telling than the number of sales orders received by his clerk this month or the number of dollars received in the till last month. The letter states: "My dear Ann: . . . Yesterday they flew in a load of papers from the states and I read about Dad . . . being convicted . . . I can't bear to live anymore. Last night I circled the base twenty times before I could bring myself in. How could he have done that? Every day three or four men never come back and he sits back there doing business . . . I'm going out on a mission in a few minutes. They'll probably report me missing. If they do, I want you to know that you mustn't wait for me. I tell you, Ann, if I had him here now I could kill him." These words

were sent to Ann by her former fiancee, Larry Keller, who, during the war, was reported missing in action.

After reading the letter, Joe Keller walks into his house and shoots himself.

In Death of a Salesman Willy Loman, the head of a family just as Joe Keller also is, infects his own mind and the minds of the members of his family with his bloated notion of their importance in society. Willy is a salesman confronted with a tremendous task, the task of attaining a degree of success higher than that of his older brother Ben, a man who "went into the jungle" at seventeen and came out at twenty—"rich."

Willy, however, does not have the faculties to survive in his own salesmanship "jungle." His New England customers simply do not accept him as a "good Joe." When Willy slaps a customer friendly-like on the back or tells a sure-fire joke, a bored face stares coldly at him.

To fill this vacuum of social prestige, Willy has turned to his two young sons, Biff and Hap. He has "prepared" them for the cut-throat world of business by encouraging them to steal materials from the nearby construction site of an apartment house. He has set himself on a pedestal as a "shrewd operator" for his sons to ape. He has instructed his sons in the area of human relationships, especially in the techniques of back-slapping and joke-telling.

But now that the boys are grown up, Willy no longer can parade as the all-knowing papa. His fanatical slavishness to an adolescent way of life has overtaken him. Instead of driving quickly from town to town to drum up business, he falls into reveries at the wheel and loses control of his car. Instead of confiding to his friends or his family, he confides to the conjured-up image of his dead brother Ben. Instead of planning for the future, he buys a rubber tube which will, at the proper time, fit neatly over the escape nozzle of the gas water heater. In Willy's case the personal relationships with his own family are breaking down because Willy has tried to build them on the sandy groundwork of fraudulent business practices and distorted value standards.

BOTH SONS (Biff is now 34; Hap, 32) now recognize the pitiful state to which their father has sunk. However, only Biff is willing to shatter the fragile, rose-colored dome that Willy has built around his own self. Only Biff is willing to extend a hand in order to pull Willy out of the wreckage of his dreams.

Sometime while wandering in the west, Biff has been exposed to a society with stable values, and he attempts to bring these into the Loman household. He realizes that one cannot build his life on a code of swindling, on a steady diet of prostitutes, or on the glory of having played a football game in Ebbets Field.

Hap, on the other hand, is more concerned with what the public will think about Willy than about curing him. In fact, Hap shows signs of following in his father's footsteps. He entertains his mistresses in his apartment, just as Willy entertained prostitutes in his New England hotel rooms. He too is striving to overcome the favor normally granted to the older son. He too is a salesman.

When Biff solicits Mr. Oliver, one of his former bosses, for a loan to finance a fantastic sporting goods concern proposed by Hap, he is abruptly turned down. The refusal wakes Biff to the fact of his own insecure state in life. He tries to break the disappointment to Willy, but Willy refuses to listen and fabricates for himself a scene in which Mr. Oliver invites Biff to a luncheon and gives him the money.

But Biff is determined to shatter Willy's dream world. Shortly after Willy blocks his first jab, Biff attacks with overwhelming blows. He shouts that he was only a clerk in Oliver's firm—that he was fired from the job—that he was snubbed by Oliver when he applied for the loan—and that fellows like himself are a "dime a dozen."

But the excited Willy refuses to come down with Biff to the solid earth. He rapturously declares that Biff truly "loves" him now, and that he has shown the spunk required "to crack the jungle." In a delirium of swarming noises, voices, and faces, Willy drives

away furiously in his car and crashes to his death. And he leaves behind him only one trace of "jungle-cracking," the necessity imposed on an insurance company of shelling out a few dollars to his widow.

IN BOTH plays the flimsy bands of an individual man's social relationships are cut by his own son, and the snapping back of the bands slaps the man with such a sting that he commits suicide. There is no falling back on family security here, for it is from within the family itself that the man's downfall springs. In *All My Sons* the family ties seemingly are strong at the beginning of the play. But rumblings become audible as soon as we learn that Chris Keller has an essentially different outlook on society than Joe Keller. These men would clash even if they met in the field of society with its endless vistas. In the hedge-confined backyard of the Keller family, the clash resounds with heightened fury.

In *Death of a Salesman* the family ties have already disintegrated. Instead of establishing trustworthy family ties and carrying the spirit of these into society, Willy Loman has picked up the false standards of society, put them into a salesman's valise, and carried them into his own apartment. Biff Loman realizes that the family cannot subsist for long on such standards and kicks the musty valise out the door.

IN THE three plays *All My Sons*, *Death of a Salesman*, and *The*

Crucible, Arthur Miller has answered the House Committee more strongly than he ever could by delivering a lengthy tirade from the witness stand. By labeling the revelation of the names "indecent", he has told Congress that it has no right to force him to betray his friends, just as John Proctor told the Puritan court that it had no right to force him to betray his friends. Through Proctor, Miller has told Congress that secure bonds of friendship and that strong personal convictions transcend arbitrary governmental legislation.

Through his depiction of the Loman and Keller families, he has revealed the cause of the distrust and selfishness which is rampant in our society. Instead of transferring the natural trust and stability of the family to society, the family is accepting the artificial practices of society, and this acceptance is ripping apart the very bonds of the most basic unit in society.

In using the Salem Witch Trials as the backbone of *The Crucible*, Miller has provided us with a standard by which to judge our society. When we place *The Crucible* alongside *All My Sons* or *Death of a Salesman*, we shudder at our own insincerity. Elizabeth Proctor tries in court to defend her husband John against his self-accusations of adultery. The wives of Joe Keller and Willy Loman merely go along with their husband's pretensions. John Proctor bravely walks to the gibbet

rather than betray his friends. Joe Keller and Willy Loman commit suicide rather than reveal themselves.

MILLER does not offer a panacea for our dilemma. But, in pointing out the source of our troubles, he implicitly makes an important suggestion. The movement towards the solution must be initiated by the family. It will be sparked by common men, men like Chris Keller and Biff Loman.

In focusing on the common man in such a manner, Miller indirectly slaps down another argument used against many witnesses who testify before investigating committees. This argument is used against those witnesses who invoke the 5th Amendment, which grants a person immunity from testifying against himself. The argument states that the privilege against self-incrimination is not one of those unchangeable laws which is fundamental to the rights of man. It substantiates its claim by pointing to the absence of such a provision in the great English charters, notably the Magna Carta (1215 AD) and the Bill of Rights (1688 AD). It neglects, however, to point out the wholly different position of the masses in the 20th century. But the great English dramatists between 1215 and 1688 do point it out when they deal with man's "thrust for freedom." They point out that it is the royal members

of society, the nobility, who are aiming for their rightful place in the cosmos. Kyd tells how the Grand Marshall of Spain slashes out with his knife at the Duke of Castile. Webster tells how the Duke of Calabria burningly reveals to his brother, the cardinal, that their sister is a strumpet. Shakespeare tells how the Prince of Denmark thrusts his poisoned sword into the body of the imposter king within the battlemented walls of Elsinore Castle.

But Arthur Miller, in the 20th century, tells of Joe Keller slouchingly leaving his backyard of shrubbery, and of Willy Loman deserting the garden plot he is planning in the yard of his apartment house. He says that the blindness of these men, our next door neighbors, to the potency within each of their families to work for the social betterment is the great tragedy of our time. But in pointing out the source of the tragedy, he indicates the avenue to the problem's solution.

According to Miller that avenue is not paved with a slick layer of concrete. No, the avenue is lined with dull cobblestones, and newshawks shout out scandalous headlines at every corner. But we must not wait idly for this afternoon's edition, for the avenue itself leads each one of us to the roots of the problem. The avenue leads each one to his own front door.

D E A D MY OWN B O D Y

By
Thomas Chalmers

"I'VE GOT a gun in my pocket. Empty the cash register into this paper bag and you won't get hurt."

Doctor Edward Talman rose from his desk and crossed to the door separating his study from the television room. He closed it quietly, thinking, "Television! Those kids have it on all the time."

The thought of television brought him back to his immed-

iate problem. He seated himself at the desk and turned his attention to the case history before him. In his eighteen years as a psychiatrist, Dr. Talman had never run across a case quite like this. Miss Joan Wesley had come to him three weeks ago with what had seemed to be common, ordinary hallucinations. When she watched television she saw things no one else saw. Always the same things. She saw Joan Wesley!

Dr. Talman remembered Joan Wesley's first visit to him. She was a slight girl of twenty-four with a plain but pretty face. Through his preliminary questioning he had found that her mother had died while giving birth to her. She had lived with her father until his death a little over two years ago. Now she lived alone in a two room apartment. She had told Dr. Talman that she didn't go out much because she worked as a waitress from four in the afternoon until midnight. The restaurant where she worked was only a few blocks from her apartment so she usually arrived home in time to watch the Nite Owl movie on television.

THE FIRST time she saw herself on the screen was during one of the late features. The movie just disappeared and there she was. It didn't take long for her to discover that it didn't matter when she turned on the set or what program she watched. The same thing always happened.

Miss Wesley had seemed quite calm outwardly when she related

her story, but the haunted look in her eyes had betrayed her inner terror. She was scared to death. It had been unnerving to hear her say, "Doctor, all I ever see on television is my own dead body! I'm lying there with blood all over and a bullet hole in my head! I must be going crazy!" The doctor had long since learned that he must not let his patients upset his own emotional stability, but Miss Wesley's fear had been so intense that it had screamed across the desk at him. It had been almost tangible.

"That was three weeks ago," thought the doctor as he closed the portfolio. He had taken extra time with Miss Wesley, and, in those three weeks, he had recorded his patient's entire life history. But there was no clue to the origin of the hallucination. For the two days since her last talk with him, Dr. Talman had searched the case history over and over for a clue, for any tiny straw of hope to clutch at. But his efforts went unrewarded. He finally decided that tomorrow he would suggest hypnosis to Miss Wesley.

DR. TALMAN rubbed his eyes and rose from his chair. He looked at his watch and decided he would watch the late news and sports program before going to bed. He walked wearily into the television room. The children had been put to bed and he heard his wife walking in the upstairs bedroom. He turned on the set. As usual the news was mainly con-

cerned with the elections. Then the newscaster startled him with an announcement. A Miss Joan Wesley had been shot to death in her apartment early this evening. Miss Wesley had returned home from work earlier than usual because of illness and apparently had surprised a burglar. She died instantly from the bullet which entered her forehead. The police as yet have found no clue to the identity of Miss Wesley's murderer.

Dr. Talman sat stunned for a minute. "What an amazing coincidence," he thought. "I wouldn't have bet on that happening in a million years." The strange case of Joan Wesley ran through the doctor's mind again. It still puzzled him and now he would never know the cause of her hallucination. He almost wished he would get another case similar to that one.

"... was knocked out in the third round of a ten round fight at Madison Square Garden tonight," the newscaster was saying when he looked again at the television set. But on the screen was a picture of an automobile accident. "Someone must have made a mistake again," he muttered to himself, somewhat amused. But the picture did not change. "I wonder if the set is out of order?" He walked to the television set to change the channel. As he reached for the dial he froze in horror. The man lying face up in the gutter was Dr. Edward Talman.

By George Lux

WHEN ADAM and Eve "hid themselves from the face of the Lord God, amidst the trees of paradise" after eating of the forbidden fruit, they set up a pattern that many of their ancestors have followed. Throughout the ages men have plucked the tantalizing apple of evil, and then hid from the Lord God, as He calls: "Where art thou?"

It is this escape by the sinner and this haunting search by the omnipresent God that provoked

Francis Thompson into writing his pounding poem, "*The Hound of Heaven*." "*The Hound of Heaven* begins with the cry: I fled Him, down the night and down the days; I fled Him, down the arches of the years; I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways Of my own mind;"

It is a cry which many desperate sinners have uttered. In Thompson's own time, during the

I FLED HIM

19th century, it was uttered by the Irish penitent, Matt Talbot. Talbot launched out on his escape at the age of 12 when he became a messenger boy in the Dublin firm of Messrs. Edward and John Burke, who, unfortunately for Matt, were wine merchants.

He began to sneak little sips of wine now and then from the corked bottles and, by the time he was thirteen, Matt Talbot was a drunkard. As Dom Frei Henrique Galland Trindode describes it, Matt would come "staggering down the street—his hair unkempt, his eyes bloodshot, his lips dribbling, a vacant stare on his face, the face of a brute."

Matt's father tried to halt the youngster's rapid descent into alcoholism. He removed Matt from the temptation he was under at the wine merchants' firm and found him a new job at the Port and Docks Board. But the change only made the situation worse, for in addition to the wine and stout that he had begun to imbibe at Burke's, Matt took to drinking the whiskey that was readily available in the Port and Dock's warehouse.

To his "tyrannous master, alcohol," Matt sacrificed everything. His weekly wages, which he received on Saturday, lasted only till Tuesday. Matt began to pawn his possessions to obtain the money needed to buy whiskey for the rest of the week. One day he pawned his boots, returning home in his socks.

On another occasion, in order

to quench his thirst for some whiskey, Matt went beyond pawning his own goods. On this particular day a poor musician was drinking with Matt and one of his cronies. While Matt's companion engaged the fiddler in conversation, Matt took the fiddle to the local pawnshop, returning soon with money to buy drinks for everyone.

DIPPING BACK to the 16th century, we find another man who exemplifies this plunging into worldly pursuits in order to distract oneself from God's call. The man is Camillus De Lillis, a soldier who hired himself out to whichever European monarch was handing out the most generous wage. Camillus was barely seventeen when he shut up his books and joined his father in a foreign army camp. Under his father's tutelage Camillus picked up a craft that was to sustain him for years to come—the craft of gambling.

Gambling and fighting their way, the father and son took themselves across the lands of Europe. One day, as they were traveling on foot with a view to joining the army in Venice which was being raised to fight the Turks, both of them fell ill on the road. The father died, and Camillus continued on his forlorn wanderings, his only companions being his gambling prowess and a running wound that had broken open on his leg just above the ankle.

In an effort to cure himself he

applied for admission to the hospital of Saint Giacomo in Rome. Since he had no money with which to pay for a bed, he offered himself to the hospital as a servant, asking in return that his running sore might be treated. At first all seemed to go well. Camillus swept the corridors, cleaned bandages, and performed other menial duties. The doctors, in return, attended his wound, giving him hope of a permanent cure.

But underneath the surface all was not calm. Camillus had many idle hours on his hands, and there were plenty other idle servants around with whom he could spend his time. To wile away the time Camillus secured a pack of cards and taught his companions card games. Soon the men became unwilling to work. Frequent quarrels broke out. The suspicious hospital authorities searched Camillus' room; the tell-tale cards were found hidden in Camillus' bed. Camillus was peremptorily "pushed into the street, his leg still unhealed, and without a coin in his pocket."

GOING BACK to the 4th century we come to one of history's most notorious sinners. Augustine of Hippo was reared in an entirely pagan environment in North Africa. As a young student he was sent by his parents to the prosperous city of Madaura to acquire a classical education. Augustine not only studied the literature and philosophy of the ancients; he also incorporated their ideals and habits into his own life.

Madaura offered infinite possibilities for indulgence, and he quickly took advantage of them. He took part in the "pursuit of pleasure at all costs, the wild orgies of the carnival of Bacchus, the worship of the decadent Roman ideal, smart, sensual, excusing, boldly daring, laughing with approval at every excess of sinful love." Such was the life led by Augustine at fifteen years of age.

At the age of seventeen Augustine went to Carthage where, as he wrote later, "shameful love bubbled round me like boiling oil." Despite the realization that he was sinking more and more into an abyss of filth, Augustine refused to mend his ways. Instead, he started to rationalize about his actions in order to escape the sense of guilt that had begun to haunt him. When he embraced the Manichean doctrine of a good and an evil spirit in the world, his profigate life loomed as unshakeable as many a stout Christian life.

THE REJECTION of and escape from the grace of God exemplified by these lives represents only half of the concern of the "*Hound of Heaven*." For all the while these sinners are fleeing, God incessantly pursues with actual graces, always hoping the sinner will turn and embrace God before he plunges blindly into the fiery cavern of hell. As Thompson declares:

"Those strong feet that followed,
Followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbed pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instantcy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
'All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.'

In Matt Talbot's case the lord pursued the roistering Matt in and out of Dublin taverns, and the staggering Matt down the Dublin alleys. One week Matt lost his job. He thirsted for several days, eagerly anticipating Saturday when his drinking companions would return with their wages. When Saturday arrived, Matt stood on a corner which his companions would have to pass. Soon the whistles blew and the workers crowded onto the street. They approached Matt in groups—"talking, gesticulating, counting their money with a look of satisfaction upon their faces. When they saw Matt, a few of them tossed off a curt, "Good day, Matt." Most of them pretended that they didn't see him and hurried on.

It was at that very time on a Dublin street corner that Matt Talbot heeded the Lord's warning: "All things betray thee, who betrayest me." Matt turned to his brother, who had accompanied him, and said hoarsely: "Phil, I'm going home."

CAMILLUS de Lillis repudiated his gambling ways in the town of Manfredonia in Italy. He had come to beg with a companion in order to obtain a few coins that could be hazarded at dice or cards. Camillus had been pursued by the

Lord throughout the lands of Europe on his many expeditions, but it was here in Manfredonia, on the very steps of the town's church, that the Lord finally caught up with Camillus. He came in the person of a rich man walking down the street. When the rich man noticed the tall, soldier-like stature of Camillus, he expressed his surprise that one such as he should be begging for money as cripples do. When the man offered Camillus a job to help build a monastery outside of town, Camillus accepted.

When his companion sneered at him for rejecting the freedom of an itinerant life, Camillus once more slipped out of the Lord's grasp. However, his escape was only momentary. As the two men walked the road to the next town, Camillus sensed the strong footbeats of the Lord pounding after him. With a mighty effort, Camillus shook himself free from his wayward life, and hustled back to Manfredonia to take the job. Shortly thereafter, some Capuchins, for whom the monastery was being built, offered him their cloth to replace his rags. Camillus did not accept the offer, but it started him thinking along the lines of a priestly vocation. The line culminated in Camillus' own ordination and his founding of the "Brothers of a Happy Death." **A**UGUSTINE of Hippo began to be hounded by feeling of remorse when he fled the confines of North Africa and settled in the bustling city of Rome. In the

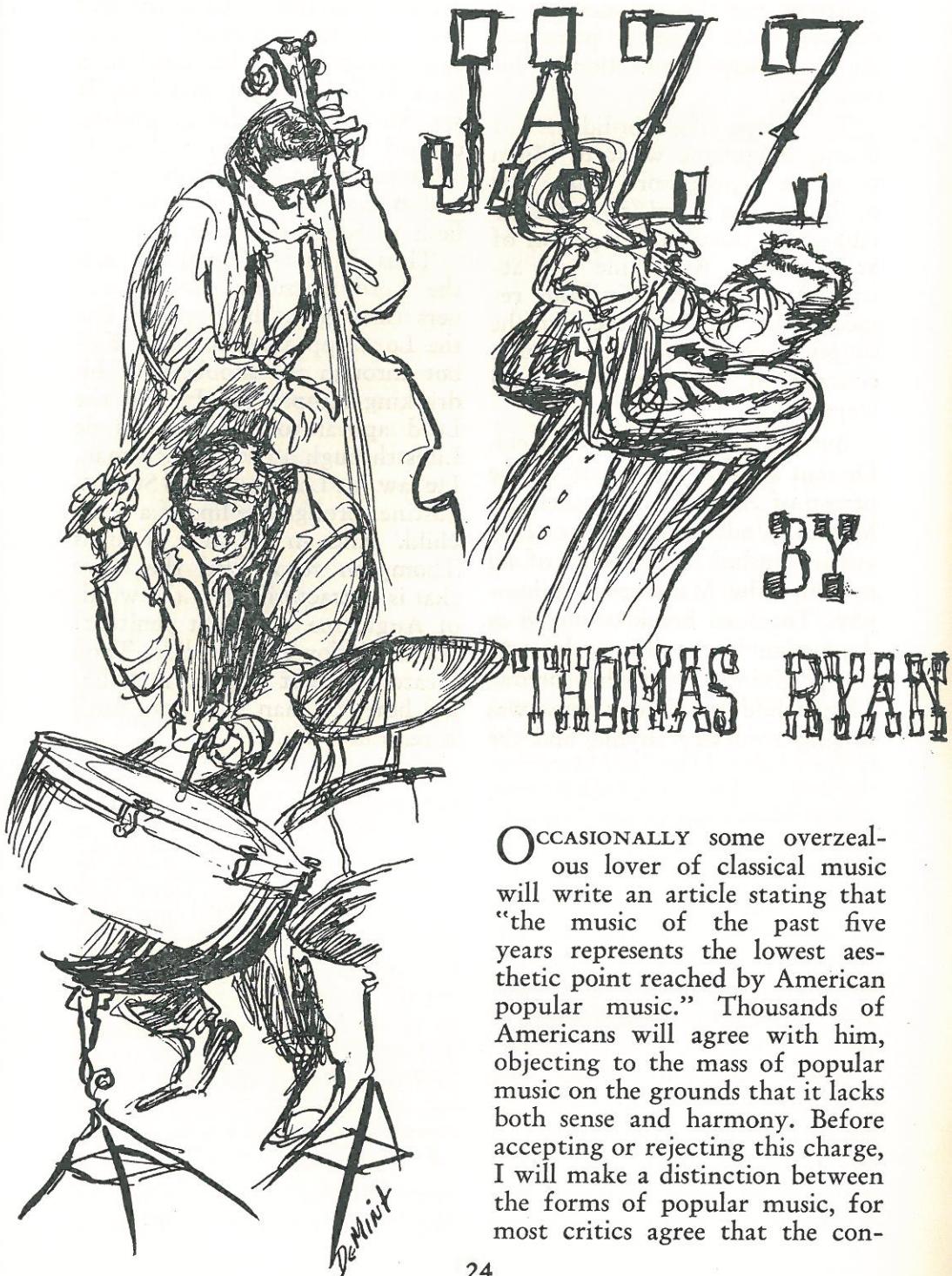
gluttony and the drunkenness of the depraved Roman populace, Augustine saw a reflection of his own life.

To escape the sordidness of Rome, Augustine went to Milan to secure a professor's chair. But in Milan the Lord appealed to Augustine through the person of St. Ambrose. Augustine was attracted by the morality and respectability of Ambrose, but he simply could not call up enough courage to repudiate his sinful ways.

But the Lord would not yield. He sent another missionary in the person of Augustine's mother, St. Monica. Under her influence Augustine pushed away his life of sin and his false Manichean philosophy. The final break occurred as Augustine lay in his garden. As he lay giving vent to his sorrow, a little child in a nearby house was singing a nursery rhyme, and the

refrain was this: "Take up and read, take up and read." Augustine stretched out his hand to a book he had brought with him. It was St. Paul's Epistles. Augustine opened it at random and read: "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof."

Thus Francis Thompson saw the Lord pursuing various sinners throughout history. He saw the Lord appealing to Matt Talbot through the snobbery of his drinking companions. He saw the Lord appeal to St. Camillus de Lillis through a passing rich man. He saw the Lord appeal to St. Augustine through the lips of a small child. And in all this, Francis Thompson recognized the drive that is characterized by the words of Augustine, the great penitent: "O Lord, for Thyself didst Thou create the heart of man, and thus the heart of man is restless, until it rests in Thee."



BY
THOMAS RYAN

Occasionally some overzealous lover of classical music will write an article stating that "the music of the past five years represents the lowest aesthetic point reached by American popular music." Thousands of Americans will agree with him, objecting to the mass of popular music on the grounds that it lacks both sense and harmony. Before accepting or rejecting this charge, I will make a distinction between the forms of popular music, for most critics agree that the con-

cept of popular music held by the average person is much too broad and unrefined.

Popular music may be conveniently divided into three major groups: 1) Commercial music that is intended primarily for cash sales and does not intentionally carry with it an aesthetic beauty, 2) Folk music that carries with it the philosophy of a people, and 3) Jazz, the hardest to define because it often has elements of the other two within it.

Jazz has been defined differently by almost every critic who has written about it. Such a welter of definitions would seem, at first, to lead to a chaotic state of criticism. However, all of the leading critics include three elements as basic to jazz: 1) improvisation, 2) a unique concept of rhythm, 3) a range of sounds distinguished by individuality. Although they agree that all three of these elements are present, the critics disagree on the stress that is to be placed on any one of the elements. Some stress rhythm, others stress improvisation or melody. Yet they all agree that jazz is a form of music achieved by a proper balance of these three elements. In defending popular music I will limit myself to a justification of jazz.

Some statement of the basic requisites for calling a piece of music a work of art is necessary before we begin. Art rests on two instincts of man—imitation and harmony. It is an imitation of

what is essential in nature. Ideally, music keeps within natural boundaries as long as it does not go beyond its expressional capacity. This means that the poetical thought of the composer must be intelligible from the composition itself, that no foreign element may be dragged in to aid comprehension. The musician resolves the sound forms given in nature into their abstract elements and then deliberately recombines these in harmony with human sensibility and intelligence.

Art is also a form of communication and, as such, carries with it certain educational requirements. Just as the great classical artist cannot be understood or appreciated unless the audience has some knowledge of his music and its forms, so the modern jazz artist cannot be understood or appreciated unless the audience has some knowledge of jazz and its forms. However, the education is not merely the responsibility of the audience. The artist himself must study nature in order to gain an insight into it. Thus the artistic discovery includes both perception by the artist and communication of this perception to his audience. If jazz is an art, its artists must communicate either in terms familiar to the audience at large, or they must educate the audience so that they will be able to comprehend jazz expression.

THE FIELD of jazz contains several forms of rhythm—rhythm, dixieland, blues, swing, bebop, and progressive. Each of

these types has been dominant at one time or another during the history of jazz, and each has produced memorable works that are still being played by the best jazz musicians. The original jazz musician played ragtime and produced such great works as *Tiger Rag* and *Muskrat Ramble*. Dixieland was the next form and with it came the first great white jazz musicians. Some of the big numbers of this period were *Livery Stable Blues*, *At the Jazz Band Ball*, and *Jazz Me Blues*.

Later jazz became a more universal musical form and its newest tunes no longer died out as the majority of ragtime and dixieland tunes had died. Jazz musicians had truly become artists. They tried to reach a vast audience and to educate that audience in terms of jazz forms and ideals. There was a widespread attempt by jazz musicians to define their art—to give it a basis from which a novice might search for an understanding of jazz moods and expression. Such great works as *Mood Indigo*, *Sophisticated Lady*, *It Don't Mean A Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing*, *Lazy Rhapsody*, *You Made Me Love You*, *Tuxedo Junction*, *Stompin at the Savoy*, *Basin Street Blues*, *St. Louis Blues*, *Twelfth Street Rag*, *Black Brown and Beige*, *Lady Be Good*, *Caravan*, *Liverian Suite*, and many more were produced in the 1925-1950 era of jazz. Most of these old favorites can still be heard on radio programs and television shows. They

are given new arrangements and compiled in long playing anthologies of the good old days. They are a lasting tribute to the steady efforts of those musicians who strove to make jazz the great art form of our American culture.

THREE HAS been a scattering of compositions by the progressive artists, such as *Soft Shoe*, *Speak Low*, and *Lotus Bud*, but the trend of progressive jazz and indeed all jazz within the last ten years has been away from the composing of works with a 'story' and toward the arranging and rearranging of works to express 'feeling'. The jazz artist of today creates a mood or an interpretation of action rather than a portrayal of action. Many of his works are re-evaluations of existing compositions. The chords of the composition will remain the same but the artist will improvise on the melody so as to communicate his own impressions and perception. Just as the best classical composers often used a common theme as a vehicle of expression of their particular perceptions and feelings, so too the jazz artist feels free to use an old theme to create a new look of art—a new expression of personal experience. The individual artist has become more important and the development of his particular style has replaced the big band solidarity of tone. The individual artist has, in a sense, become his own composer.

THE PROGRESSIVE school of jazz has received its greatest impetus from a group of young mu-

sicians in California. Shorty Rogers and his Giants provided the spark to this movement with their record of *Modern Sounds*. The spark given by Rogers and company has ignited a spectacular California forest fire in which Dave Brubeck, Gerry Mulligan, Chet Baker, and a host of others have become prominent. They stress the expression of personal perceptions, arranging and composing many of their works with a particular musician in mind. Realizing that society itself is rapidly changing and that it is more complex and diverse than it has ever been, they feel the urge to express themselves in a new and vital style that will reflect the dynamic society that is engulfing them. Many of the west coast jazz artists, as well as the bulk of their audience, come from the ranks of college students. This perhaps accounts for the phenomenal enthusiasm and the unrivalled experimentation that they manifest in their efforts to enrich the art of jazz. In the words of George Shearing:

"I like to think the day is coming when symphonic groups and jazz outfits will collaborate on concerts and in exchanging ideas. The younger school of musicians are very heartening in their knowledge and desire to play better jazz. I think it's progressed immensely in the relatively few years of its existence. As we assimilate more college trained musi-

cians—sincere people who want to make it artistically as well as financially—I think jazz will progress more and more in the scope of its performance."

This enthusiasm is not confined to the west coast musicians. The flames of the California fire have spread to the midwest, the south, and the east. Throughout the country many new faces and a score of all time greats, versatile enough to change with society and adapt their styles to a clear communication of life as they are experiencing it, have begun to appear, and they are giving America a new and deeper perception of itself and its culture.

COUNT BASIE is a leader of the progressive jazz artists. He learned to play the piano in the same school as Duke Ellington and Fats Waller. Later, he picked up the boogie woogie and blues techniques, and discovered that he could make a combo swing with more freedom and a more lucid drive by cutting down the number of notes played by the piano, by not interfering with the soloist, and by simply 'comping' the bare minimum of chords needed to set the harmonic direction, occasionally spurring the ensemble or soloist, or signaling a modulation. Piano 'comping', so essential to the freedom of progressive soloists, stems from Count Basie. However, the greatest contribution that Count Basie has given to progressive jazz is his insistence on the endless pos-

sibilities of the blues as a basis for all types of jazz. He has shown the progressives that it is possible to express every mood through the blues, and that no matter how modern you get with your materials, the blues keep you down-to-earth and honest, and that's how jazz must be.

Another of Count Basie's contributions is a golden, tenor saxophone sound, liquid sound. The relaxed attitude which Basie nurtured in the entire band made it possible for Lester to apply his limpid, vibratoless tone. Lester's phrases have variety in their shifting, rhythmic patterns and in their use of altered and extended chords, especially of augmented chords. Almost every modern soloist owes his biggest debt directly or indirectly to Lester. It was he who freed the tenor saxophonist from the once-rigid-dotted-eighth and sixteenth-note patterns of the Coleman Hawkins School.

STAN KENTON is another excellent example of the progressive attitude toward jazz. He contributed more to the popular education in jazz expression than almost any other musician. He was the first to draw large audiences to progressive jazz concerts, and to teach his audiences to know and enjoy the earliest formulations of progressive jazz and classical music. He has done more with strings than any symphony orchestra in the world. His is one of the most versatile of the progressive bands, ranging from explo-

sive blasts to sweet and melancholy music for one audience, and playing strictly concert arrangements for another. Many times he floundered on his way to the top, but he always held onto the jazzman's crutch—a good ear for picking up new sounds that revitalize his band. His band differs slightly from the average progressive band in its featuring of sections rather than soloists. Nevertheless, the band retains its freedom to style and is recognized as one of the best progressive bands in the country.

ONE BAND, in my estimation, stands above all the rest in its contributions to jazz, and in its subtleness and versatility of expression. That band is the oldest and most famous of all—Duke Ellington's band. Some of the greatest names in jazz have played in it—Billy Strayhorn, Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Blanton, Cootie Williams, Harry Carney and Juan Tizel. It has been a truly great jazz band since it was begun in 1923. It has soared steadily to a stellar position in the jazz world, absorbing new sounds and techniques as it rose. Last December Duke Ellington was named as the fifth member of the Jazz Hall of Fame.

Ellington has incorporated his knowledge of the history of jazz into his work. He plays progressive jazz or dixieland as it is meant to be played, for he has experienced the eras that brought it into existence. From Juan Tizol he has learned the feel of Latin

American music, and from Billy Strayhorn the techniques of classical compositions. Each of these influences is blended into his music as it is needed for expressing his feelings. In the true progressive tone Ellington stresses improvisation and group harmony. His music may be written to highlight a particular musician or to display the finesse of the entire band. In either case the individual style is developed freely, yet in harmony with the perception expressed by the composition.

EARLIER, I stated that art has three main requisites—imitation, harmony, and communication. The question now is—Does progressive jazz fulfill the three requisites, that is, is progressive jazz art? One complaint is that the lack of new composition shows a failure on the part of the jazz artist to fulfill the artistic requisite of imitation. The critics don't seem to realize that the personal expression of the artists, even if encased in an old theme, still remains a fresh new interpretation of life as the artist experiences it.

Improvisation has also been condemned for destroying the harmony of a composition. This argument has also been refuted. Merely because a work of art is not entirely prearranged does not

exclude the possibility of its having a harmonious unity. Carter Harmen, in speaking of jazz artists, has said, "Their music sounded hysterical and was much too wild for most kinds of dancing, but it displayed an incredible amount of imagination and instrumental technique. Concert musicians who might understandably have thought a solo was "faked" were then amazed to hear the whole ensemble play the same notes in a dazzling unison."

Lastly, some might object that the rampant experimentation of jazz hinders communication, for the audience cannot follow the rapid changes instituted by jazz artists. At most, this is a condemnation of a particular artist. The school of progressive jazz has a definite pattern that can be followed and understood by the average person. These experiments are most often developments of existing styles and techniques. Rarely is a style brought out that is revolutionary.

There have been many violent changes in other arts as well, such as the recent developments in painting and literature. Yet jazz, being a new art, needs even more than painting and literature, to change its forms and to incorporate new sounds and techniques in order to keep pace with the erratic tempo of modern life.



THE BUM

By
Richard
Bodney

DOCTOR MALONE, official physician for the State Boxing Commission, put his stethoscope down and smiled at the man he had just finished examining.

"You're as sound as a dollar," the doctor said.

Charley Spence half-heartedly returned the doctor's smile as he buttoned his shirt. Absent-mindedly, he looked around the room. In one corner, happily engaged in conversation with numerous sportswriters, stood the boxer he was going to fight in tonight's main event. He looked his opponent over, and sadly shook his head.

"He's just a kid," he thought to himself.

Charley put on his coat and headed for the door. He stopped abruptly as someone grabbed his arm. It was Red Mifflin, his trainer.

"Where ya goin' now?" Red asked.

"Get some fresh air."

"Doncha think ya better grab some shut-eye?"

"For what?"

He jerked his arm from Red's grasp and walked out the door.

Outside, the cold December air felt clean and refreshing. Charley pulled up his collar and headed down the street toward Max's Bar and Grill. All around him thousands of people were hurrying back and forth doing their last minute Christmas shopping.

"Helluva way to spend Christmas eve," Charley thought. "Breakin' in another sucker for Jerico. This one's only a kid too.

Just about my age when I got into this lousy racket and he's making the same mistakes I made. He already belongs to Jerico and his boys in the racket. They'll use him the same way they're using me. Soon as the crowd gets on his back, they'll have him taking dives to build up another crop of kids. I won't be helping that kid tonight by laying down for him. He'll just sink deeper into Jerico's mitts."

Charley looked up. He was in front of Max's.

MAX's was almost empty. In one booth, a group of businessmen were finishing up their lunch hour with a round of drinks and a round of party jokes. Charley ignored them and sat down at the bar. Little Gus, the bartender, came down the bar smiling.

"Whatcha gonna have, Charley?" he asked.

"Gimme a beer," Charley grunted back.

The smile on Gus' face turned to a look of astonishment.

"Charley, you're fighting tonight," he stammered.

"What are ya, a bartender or my trainer?" Charley roared back.

He was halfway through his second beer when a man walked in and sat alongside him.

"How you doing Charley?" the man asked.

Charley turned his head to look at the person who had just greeted him.

"I'm doin' just fine," Charley

answered.

"What's new?"

"Look," Charley flared, "nothin's new; yes, it's a nice day; yes, I'm drinking on the day of a fight; yes, I'm going to be after an early knockout. Anything else you want to know? If not, beat it."

"Relax, Charley. I just thought you might have something that would merit a couple of lines in my column. Some inside dope on tonight's go."

"There's nuthin different about tonight's fight," Charley answered.

"Let's lay our cards on the table, Charley. The word is out that you sold the fight," the man said.

"What! Me go in the tank?" Charley retorted. "I'll belt that punk back into the Golden Gloves."

"Okay, Okay! Charley. I didn't mean anything personal by the remark. All I want is to get the goods on Mike Jerico and have him thrown out of boxing. The fight game is being killed by lice like him," the man said.

Charley looked at the man with contempt.

"Al Donovan, crusading reporter," Charley sneered. "Guys like you make me laugh. The only reason you want Jerico out is because he's making all the scratch. You don't care anymore about us lugs than Jerico."

Charley slammed a dollar on the bar and stormed out.

"Wait Charley, you're wrong.

Let me explain," Al called after him. But Charley was already out the door.

IT WAS almost seven thirty when Charley walked into his dressing room. Red Mifflin was nervously pacing around the room. When he saw Charley, he stopped.

"Where the hell you been?" Red yelled. "You're due in the ring in a half hour."

Charley shot him a 'go-to-hell' glance, walked over to his locker, and began undressing. Just then someone burst into the room.

"Your bum here yet, Red?" the man demanded. Then he saw Charley. "You know when you're going down, Spence?" the man asked.

Charley nodded without looking up.

"Look," the man flared, "when you do business with Mike Jerico, you don't just nod when he asks something."

"Take it easy, Mike," Red broke in. "Charley's never done nuthin' like this before. He's kinda nervous."

"Yeah, well nervous or not, if he blows this deal he'll be a dead man," Jerico stormed. "Charley's nothing special. I could have gotten a dozen fighters like him. He's nothing but a punched-out bum whose still got a name."

"Sure Mike, we know," Red agreed.

"Well there better not be any slip-ups," Mike warned. "I got ten grand bet on the kid. Now here's what happens. Charley stays away from the kid till after

the sixth round. Then he goes down anytime. One more thing. The kid doesn't know that the fight's fixed, so don't let him get to you till after the sixth. I'll see you after the fight." Mike turned abruptly and marched out the door.

Red turned around and said to Charley: "Fifteen minutes till the fight. You want a quick rub-down?"

"Just let me alone," Charley answered.

Charley stretched out on the table and thought over what Mike Jerico had said.

"Charley Spence, punched-out bum," he thought. "Maybe Jerico is right. If I was anything else I wouldn't be goin' out there to lose tonight. Guys like me are a dime-a-dozen. We're around just so pigs like Jerico can turn a fast buck. Well it's too late to change now."

Just then someone walked into the room.

"What time is it, Red?" Charley asked.

"It's time you quit kidding yourself into thinking that you can throw the fight," said the man who had just come into the room.

Charley whipped around on the table and looked at the man who had just spoken.

"Why don't you get off my back, Donovan?" Charley pleaded. "I told you this fight's on the level."

"Let's quit playing games, Charley," Al retorted. "I just saw

Mike Jerico come out of here and he didn't come in to use the crapper! Giving the kid the fight will ruin him. Once Jerico gets his hooks into him, the kid will be through. Give the kid a break Charley. Give him a fight, not a dancing lesson. The kid is nothing. You could take him without raising a sweat."

The door flew open.

"Let's go Charley." It was Red. Red looked at Donovan and said: "Beat it Donovan. No reporters before a fight."

Al shrugged his shoulders and walked out.

"You didn't tell that snooper anything?" Red asked.

"Nothing he didn't know before he came in here," Charley replied.

Red picked up Charley's robe and put it on the fighter's shoulders. Without waiting for Red, Charley stepped out into the corridor and shuffled toward the screaming arena.

WHEN HE arrived at the runway to the ring, he heard a roaring ovation. But the crowd wasn't cheering for Charley Spence. They were cheering for his opponent, who had just stepped into the ring.

"Funny thing about fight crowds," Charley thought as he walked down the aisle. "There's only two kind of fighters they like. Champs and newcomers. Guys like me are so much dirt. They came to see that kid knock my head off and Mike Jerico is making sure they get what they

want."

Charley's entrance into the ring was greeted with a round of mild boos and cheers. As he walked to the center of the ring for the pre-fight instructions, he looked at his opponent. The kid was biting his lip and slamming his gloves together. Charley smiled to himself.

"He's a bundle of nerves," Charley thought. "Relax, kid, this fight's being given to you on a silver platter."

Back in his corner, Charley took off his robe and pulled on the top strand of the ring to loosen his arms.

"Make it look good," Red instructed.

The bell rang and Charley moved out to meet the kid. The kid moved toward Charley cautiously. When the two boxers got within striking distance, the kid threw a left aimed at Charley's head. Charley blocked the punch and countered with a light left hook that landed high on the kid's head. Before any more punches could be thrown, the kid danced out of range.

"He's afraid of me. He doesn't want a knockout. He's gonna try and wear me down," Charley thought.

The rest of the first round passed with the same mild exchanges.

"You're doin' great," Red told him between rounds. "Just play around with him till after the sixth."

The next four rounds were duplicates of the first, except that

Charley was scoring heavily as the kid moved away after throwing his jabs.

In the sixth round the crowd began to yell for action and, as if in response, the kid began to move inside.

"His handlers must have told him that he's way behind on points. He's got to start scoring in the late rounds," Charley figured. "What a laugh. He doesn't know that this fight is his in one more round."

The round ended with the kid trying desperately to score and Charley piling up points with a well timed counter-attack.

AT THE beginning of the seventh round, the kid started to swing wildly. His wild barrage left him wide open and Charley kept peppering rights to the head.

"So I'm a bum. This kid couldn't carry a real fighter's gloves. He's leaving himself wide open. Every time he throws a right he drops his left hand. I could splatter him all over the ring."

In his corner, after the eighth round, Charley looked at Mike Jerico. Jerico, flanked by a couple of goons, was sitting in the fourth row nervously mopping his forehead.

"He's starting to worry," Charley thought.

The bell for the ninth round interrupted his thinking.

In the ninth round the kid kept throwing wild punches that landed far off target. Charley be-

gan to get mad.

"So I'm a bum? I hate not being able to win. But laying down for a phony like this guy—I just can't do it. Mike Jerico or not, I can't go down for this punk. I don't have much of anything left, but what I got won't let me do it. I'm going to win!" Charley decided.

THE KID threw a wild right and again dropped his left hand. Charley's right exploded in the kid's face. The kid was hurt. He momentarily dropped his guard and started moving away. The crowd was on its feet roaring its approval. Charley caught the kid on the ropes and dug a hard left to his body. He followed with a steaming right that ripped into the kid's face, opening a deep gash over his eye. The kid moved in close, trying desperately to last the round out. Charley pushed him away and pile-driven a crashing right that smashed into the kid's jaw. Charley saw the kid's eyes cloud up and his knees start to buckle. A hard left to the head sent the kid crashing to the canvas.

As he stood in a neutral corner watching the referee count the kid out, Charley was thinking. "That's for all the fighters

"That's for all the fighters you've ruined, Jerico. That's for all the 'nice' things that have happened to me since you got your hooks in me. And I'm not through yet. I'm going to blow the lid sky high off your racket."

The referee came over and held

up Charley's fist. The crowd brought the house down with a wild ovation. Red Mifflin jumped into the ring.

"Charley, are you nuts? Do you know what you've done?" Red stammered.

"Shut up, Red. Just shut up!" Charley growled back.

CHARLEY pushed his way back to his dressing room through a throng of back-slapping well-wishers. Finally, he got back to his dressing room. He opened the door and stepped inside.

"Nice fight, champ," a voice said cynically.

"What do you want, Jerico?" Charley asked as he closed the door.

"What do I want? My ten grand, Charley. Your little stunt cost me a wad and I came to collect," Mike said too quietly.

"Do you know why I didn't go down, Jerico? It wasn't because I got any big ideas about a comeback or anything like that. It was to knock you off your high seat. You called me a bum. Well, maybe I am, but guys like you are killing boxing because all you want is the quick buck. I know tonight's bust won't stop you alone, but maybe it will start something that'll put you in the gutter where you belong." Charley was almost shouting as he finished but he never took his eyes off Jerico.

"You know, Charley," Mike said shaking, "I don't even worry about you anymore because you're gone. You're in the past."

"What ya gonna do Mike kill me?" Charley asked smugly. "I've been dead a long time."

MIKE reddened with rage. He motioned to the two goons beside him. The two rushed Charley. Charley's lightning right decked the first man. The other goon sent Charley banging into the wall with a sledge-hammer right. While Charley was clearing his head, the goon rushed him. Charley sidestepped him, slammed a left into his stomach, and finished him off with a hard right. Charley turned toward Jerico.

"It's your turn now, Mike," he said.

Jerico's rage melted into fear. "Take it easy, Charley. Let's forget everything," Mike pleaded.

Charley started to walk toward him. Mike backed up until his back was against the wall.

"Keep away from me, Spence," he bellowed.

But Charley kept moving toward him. Mike stuck his hand in his pocket and pulled out a gun. Charley started to rush him, but before he reached him, he was sent sprawling from the impact of two .38 caliber slugs. Jerico dropped the gun and ran for the door. He got as far as the door where Al Donovan grabbed him.

"Where you going, weasel?" Al snarled.

He slammed Jerico into one of the corners. Then he saw Charley lying in a pool of blood. He rushed over and picked him up. Charley looked up and smiled painfully.

"I told you the fight was on the level, didn't I?" Charley muttered.

"Sure you did," Al sympathized, "only . . . Charley, Charley!"

Charley Spence didn't hear him. He was dead.

THE

CRACK

POT

By Paul Parks

"HEY CHARLIE! What're you doin' out there at this time of night? It's ten o'clock!" I jumped the three steps of the back porch and crossed to the board fence that separated Charlie's yard from mine. Charlie and I had lived next door to each other for several years and I knew that whatever he was doing with that rifle was probably some crackpot scheme. Charlie usually came up with a nutty idea about once a month.

As I rested my elbows on the fence and my chin in my hands, he answered: "I'm gonna fix things so's I kin sleep nights, Joe."

"How're you gonna do that with a rifle?"

"Well, Joe, my bed will only fit in one corner of my bedroom and every night that there's no clouds, that big yella moon shines in the winda right inta my eyes. It keeps me up sometimes until three-four in the mornin'. So I'm gonna shoot it out."

"Oh." Charlie's idea didn't surprise me too much. After all, Charlie was the man who had tried to put firefly tails in his doorbell button so people could find it in the dark. At the time Charlie didn't even have a doorbell. Whatever it was that Charlie was going to do, I wanted to be around when he tried it 'cause watching him was more fun than . . . well Charlie is funnier than anything I can think of. I knew he'd have an answer but I asked the question anyway. "Why don't you just pull down the shade?"

"'Cause it flaps in the breeze all night."

"Close the window."

"Gotta have fresh air to sleep good, Joe. You know that."

By this time Charlie had the rifle mounted on a tripod and was fooling around with a transit. He had a string along the gun's sights and I figured he was sighting the moon. "Aren't you a little far to the left?" I asked jokingly.

"Nope, it's a movin' target and you gotta lead it a little."

"What kind of ammunition are you using?"

"I got some I made up special. It's got an extra heavy powder charge to carry the bullet that far."

Charlie fitted one of his special bullets into the gun. After a final check he squeezed the trigger. Flame spouted from the gun's barrel while the report echoed

through the quiet of the night. I hoped that the bullet wouldn't hurt anyone when it came down.

Charlie dismantled his equipment and started back toward his house. "Might as well relax, Joe. It'll be six or seven minutes before anything happens. After all, it's over 200,000 miles from here to the moon. I'll be back as soon as I put this stuff away."

I WENT into my house and opened a couple cans of beer. Charlie was back when I came out. I handed him a can. He took a swallow and sighed. "Well, Joe, in a few minutes my troubles will be over. No more sleepless nights for me."

I stood there and wondered what Charlie would say when the moon didn't go out. "How long now, Charlie?"

"A minute or so by my watch."

Two minutes later Charlie had a puzzled look on his moonlit face. "I musta missed. It won't take long to try another shot. I'll go in and get the gun."

As Charlie turned and walked toward the house, I laughed to myself and looked up at the cause of all his troubles. I looked just in time to see it happen. The moon shattered and went out like a broken street lamp.

I shouted, "Charlie, the moon!" He stopped and looked up. A grin spread over his face. "I guess I won't have trouble sleeping from now on."

DANTE'S INFERNO

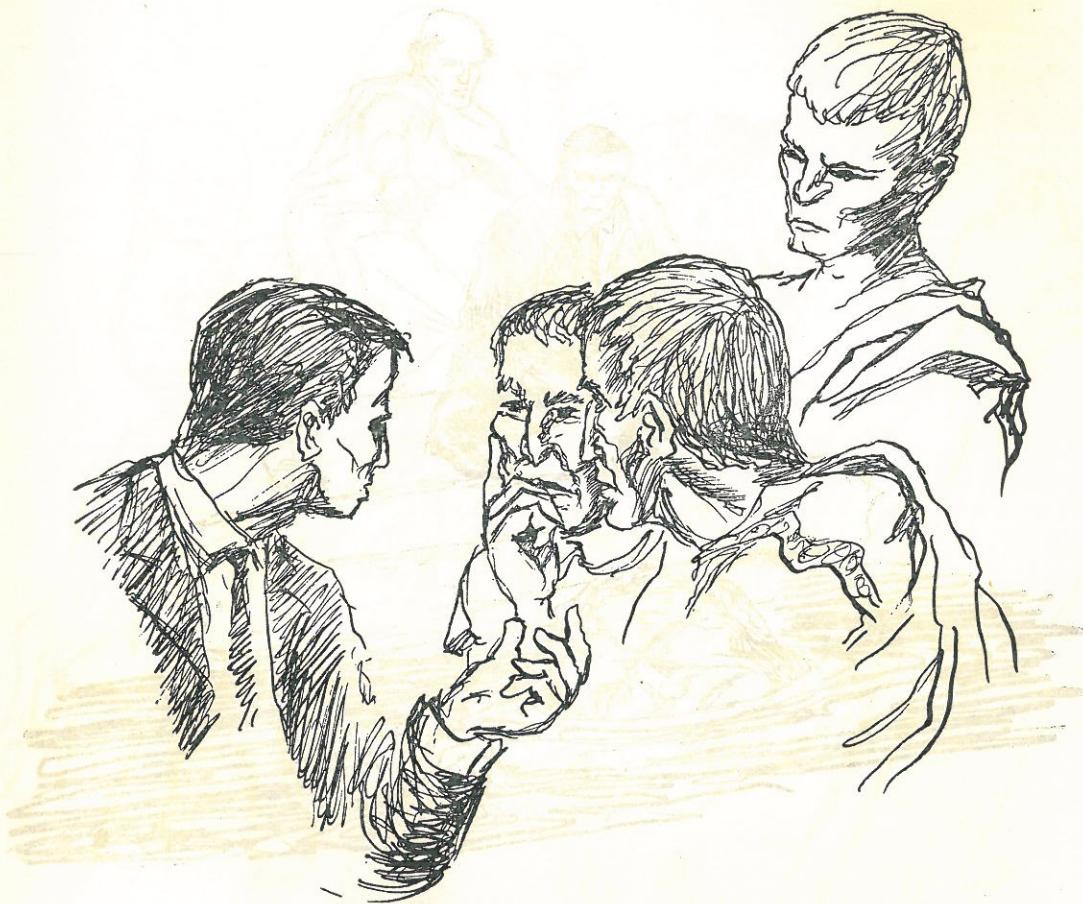
An Essay in Sketches

These sketches, which depict a few of the vivid scenes from Dante's *Inferno*, depart from precedent in two ways. First of all, they strip from Dante the toga of antiquity and dress him instead in the flannels of today. Secondly, they plunge sinners of subsequent ages into the very depths of hell that modern man has too long reserved for medieval man. In this way, these sketches contract time and force man to remember that his own stay on earth is but a tick in an eternal clock. Thus one would hope that they recall the introductory words of Dorothy Sayers to her translation of the *Inferno*: "Dante is the image of every Christian sinner, and his pilgrimage is that which every soul must make, by one road or another, from the dark and solitary Wood of Error to the City of God."

By Thomas DeMint



*When from the far bank lo!
A boat shot forth, whose white-haired boatman old
Bawled as he came: Woe to the wicked Wo!
Never you hope to look on Heaven—behold!
I come to ferry you hence across the tide
To endless night, fierce fires and shammering cold.*



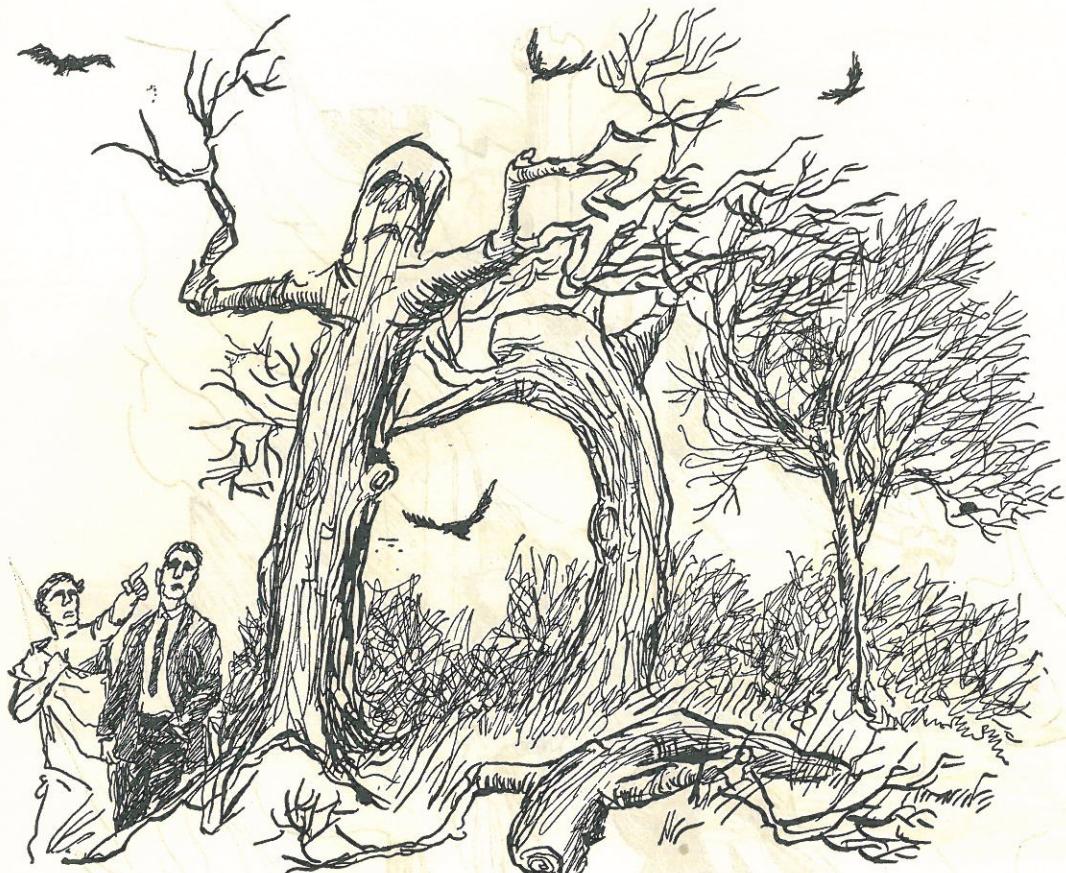
*Homer is he, the poet's sovern Lord;
Next, Horace comes, the keen satirical;
Ovid the third—thus in their school
Assembled I, even I, look on the lords
Of loftiest song, whose style o'er all
The rest goes soaring eagle-high*



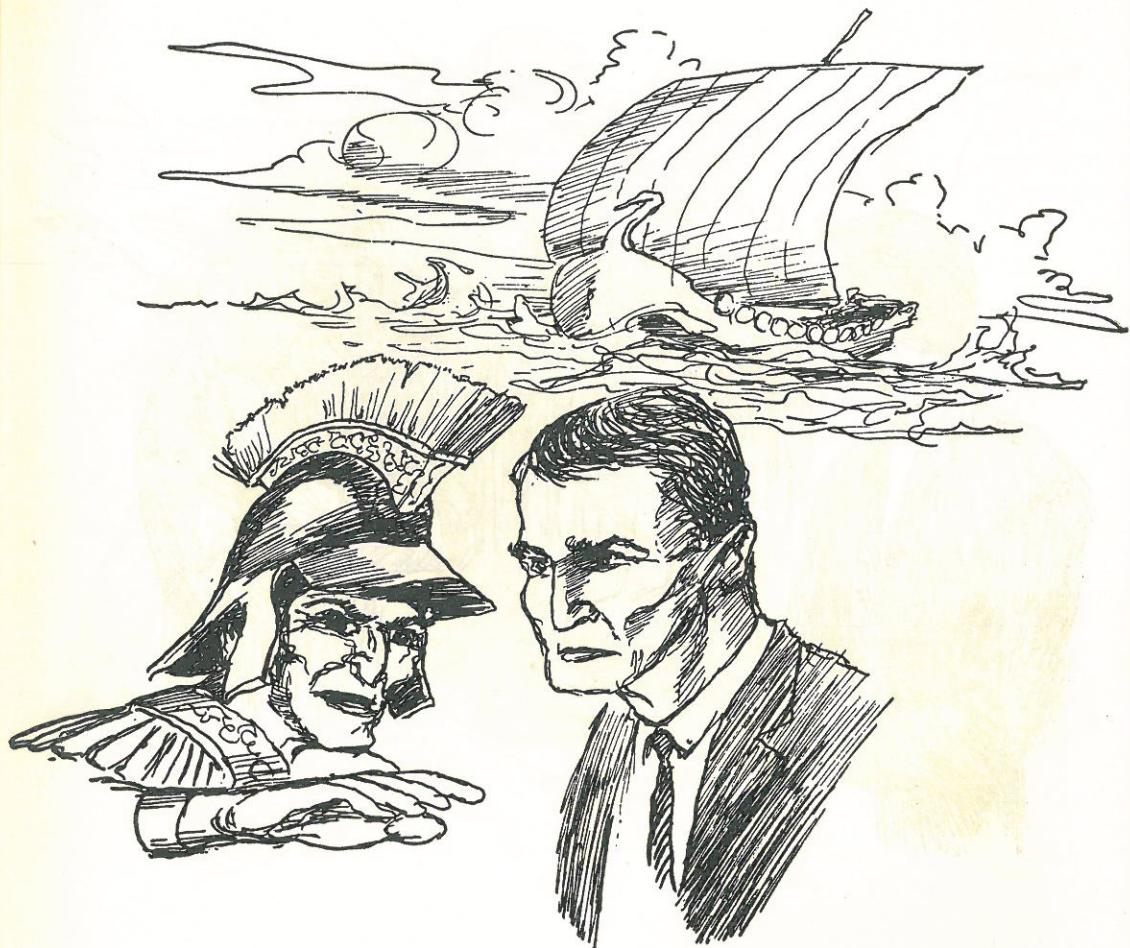
*A marsh there is called Styx, which is the sad stream . . .
And I, staring about with eyes intent,
Saw mud stained figures in the mire beneath,
Bogged there they say "Sullen were we—we took
No joy of the pleasant air, no joy of the good
Sun; our hearts smoldered with a sulky smoke*



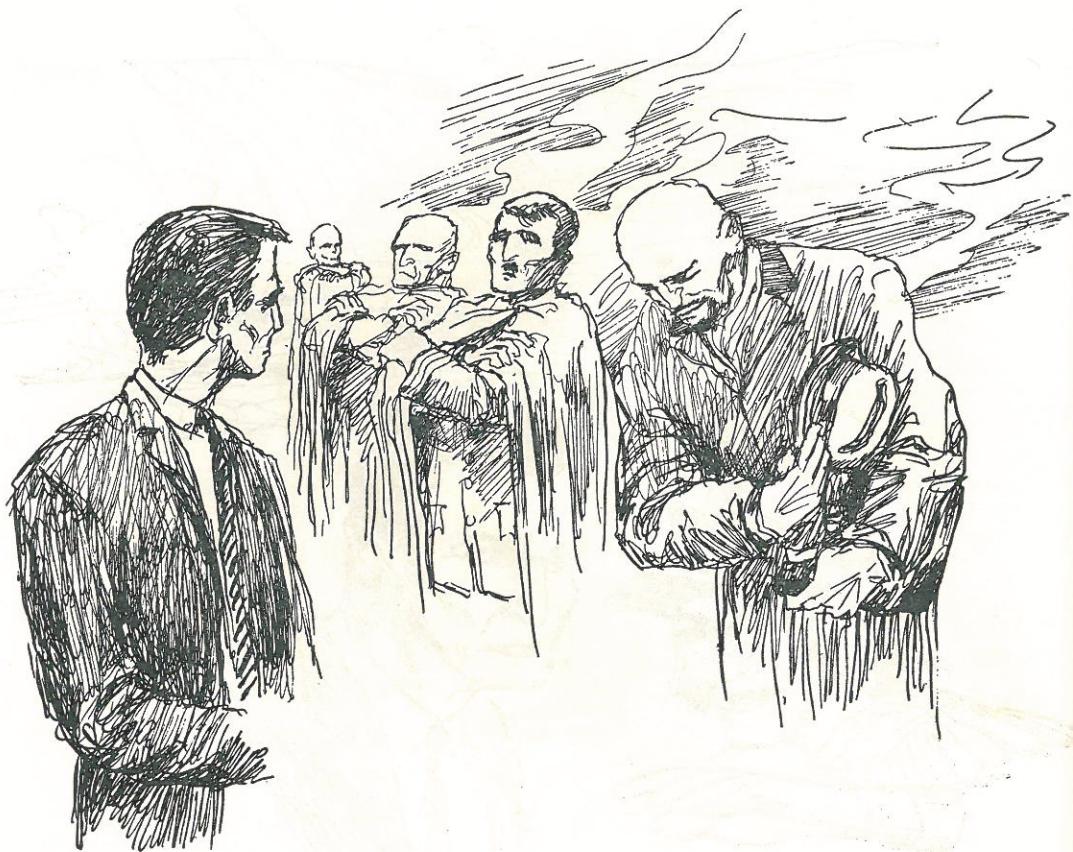
*"See, my son! it now draws nigh,"
Said my good lord, "The city named of Dis,
With its sad citizens, its great company"
A red shell, as though drawn out of glowing furnaces."*



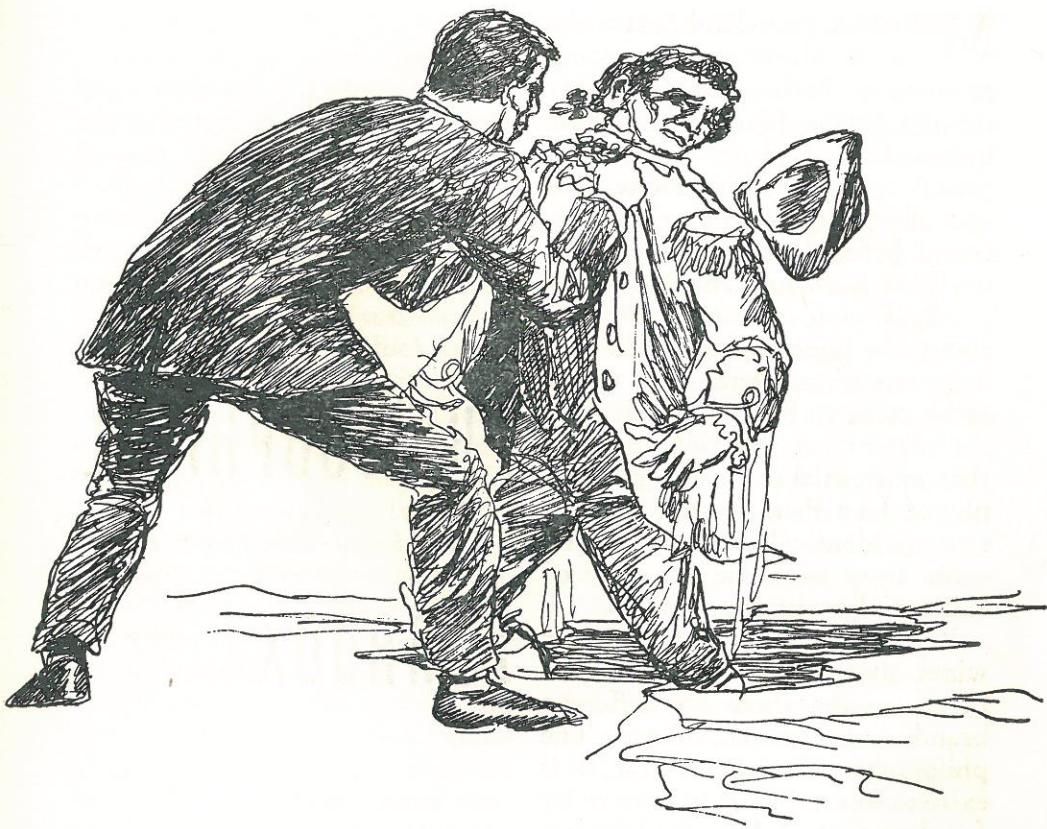
*When the wild soul leaps from the body, which
Its own mad violence forces it to quit,
Minos dispatches it down to the seventh ditch—
Here they shall hang, each body evermore
Born on the thorn of its own self-slaughtering shade*



*Tormented there—Ulysses
No tenderness could conquer in me the restless itch to rove
And rummage through the world exploring it,
All human worth and wickedness to prove.*



*O Tuscan, strangely led
To the sad college of hypocrites, do not scorn
To tell us who thou art—*



*I saw where sinners are preserved in ice
"There, that's enough," said I "Thou filthy traitor,
Thou need'st not speak; but to thy shame I'll see
The whole world hears true tidings of this matter—"*

MONSIEUR Jean-Paul Sartre sits in a plush cafe, writing philosophy. Perhaps he has a bottle of Chateau Haut-Brion Blanc before him. Perhaps people approach and query him about existentialism; and as they sit attentively before him, he speaks, as dryly as his wine, about the anguish of men, about his despair, about the hopelessness of the human situation. And one might easily come to believe, if this were the extent of his information, that existentialism is the philosophy of Jean-Paul Startre, that the two are identical. And you would come away with the dry taste of existentialism in your mouth.

But just as there are sweeter wines than Chateau Haut-Brion Blanc, so too there are different brands of existentialism. The philosophy of Gabriel Marcel is existentialism, but it is sweeter by far than that of Jean-Paul Sartre. Like Sartre and Heidegger and Jaspers, Marcel describes what he feels, abhors abstract statements, and plunges himself into human experience. And yet, for Marcel this very plunge, this participation in the life of man, is a transcendence.

But how does one transcend experience by becoming entrenched in it, by digging deeper and deeper into life as one lives it? By asking this question, it seems to me, we have come to another philosophical paradox, like the one and the many, and the simultaneous diversity and similarity of being. This paradox is precisely

THE
PHILOSOPHICAL
PARADOX
BY
GEORGE
TROHA

what Marcel clarifies for us.

There is an inner need for transcendence, writes Marcel, which lodges as a kind of dissatisfaction within us. This dissatisfaction, which urges one to express or fulfill oneself, is similar to the experience of the artist or poet who has read so much and viewed so many rose sunsets, and who has felt the joy which comes from understanding with such force that he is filled with a desire to create something above himself. He wishes to express himself and convey this experience to others.

This experience which excites us is not something outside of us. Rather it is more like the inner awareness of the poet who, as the Swiss novelist Ramuz says, "starts off from the rawest and most familiar reality, contemplated in all its thickness, its primitive density." And how many examples we have of the poet absorbing himself in experience by participating in what he sees and feels. Wordsworth, two years after he had seen golden daffodils dancing by the lake, preserved his experience for us, and from this raw reality, this materiality, he derived a pleasure:

"And then my heart with pleasure
fills,
And dances with the daffodils."

THE POET does not speak in abstract terms; he speaks in metaphors, and he uses symbols. He communicates with us by explaining what he felt, by delving into his own experience. When

Marcel speaks of transcending, of the urgent *inner need to transcend*, he does not mean that we transcend experience as itself. Experience is not a shapeless substance, something like a sea whose shores are hidden by a thick fog. Nor is it a cloud of heavy smoke in a stuffy room. Moreover, experience is not an object when object means something standing before me, obstructing my path. What lies beyond the limits of experience is nothing. For when we judge of something as outside of experience, we are really making a judgment from within experience. Each assertion from within experience leads us into another and we, with Marcel, are forced to say that there is a possibility of having an experience of the transcendent as such.

If this idea seems contradictory to us, it is because we have too restrictive an idea of experience. We tend to think of it as an absorbing of something into ourselves, but it is rather a straining of oneself towards something, as when I hear from my bed at night the distant whimpering of a dog. Such an example resides in the sphere of sensation, but we know that our "inner life" can go beyond that since we find that experience can express itself through attitudes that are opposed to one another. We can dismiss the misleading idea of transcending experience as something felt by showing how it is possible to substitute a certain mode of experience for another mode. Mar-

cel is thinking here of the distracting symbolization which represents these modes of experience as physical spaces separated by some partition. The following example from the realm of personal relationships will illustrate the point. A man has been thinking of his wife as a source of sensual pleasure. Gradually, let us say, he begins to see her as a real person, as someone of value, and he falls in love with her because of this revelation of personality. This case exemplifies a change in a human attitude as a result of the experience which a man undergoes.

OUR INQUIRY into transcendence leads us further and further, as if we looked into a large empty box and found another empty box and then another. And by digging deeper into experience we are seeing more light. By digging deeper into our own self we are becoming aware of others and we are discovering that the experience of others is also our experience, that we are not an island unto ourselves. A small child plucks a flower, gives it to his mother, and says, "I picked it, it was I." A musician, when some uncultured listener asks about his piece of music, "Was that by Debussy?", answers with a confident smirk on his face that this is "my" piece. "I have written it." Here again the ego is trying to attract to itself the praise of something other than itself. Marcel calls this a "here and nowness," an effort on the part of the

ego to defend itself against other personified "heres" and "nows." We might take the example of the shy young man who has gone to his first dinner party in a fashionable home. He is self-conscious. He worries about whether his tie is straight or whether his dinner jacket is too long, and he feels as if everyone else is watching him. In a sense he is preoccupied with himself and yet with others. However, if someone approaches him and tells him that he knows his parents, an intimacy is created, and he is more at ease. He is no longer on the defensive. He is *with* the other, and Marcel calls this intersubjectivity. Intersubjectivity applies only to persons, not to things. It arises when the young man begins to concentrate not on himself, but on others. And this intersubjectivity has as its end, love. It passes from the raw reality of things and from personal relations to the realm of spirituality. By digging deeper and deeper into the experience at hand and by concentrating on its value, we transcend the experience and this very transcendence is itself an experience of deeper value.

BUT ON and on it goes, this transcendence. And where does it stop? It stops, as we may easily have guessed earlier, with God. As Marcel has said, we become incarnate with God and his divinity. We might say that we see the image of the Creator in all created things. Our very experience, as in the case of St. Au-

gustine, will lead us to God, provided we maintain a faith in reality, in our very living. We see that our personality is only realized in the art by which it tends to become incarnate, but at the same time it is of its very essence never to crystallize itself finally in this particular incarnation. It participates in the inexhaustible fullness of the being from which it emanates. Gustave Thibon has expressed better than anyone else the value of digging into experience:

"You feel you are hedged in; you dream of escape; but beware of mirages. Do not run or fly away in order to get free; rather dig in the narrow place which has been given you; you will find God there and everything. God does not float on your horizon, he sleeps in your substance. Unity runs, love digs. If you fly away from yourself, your prison will run with you and will close in because of the wind of your flight; if you go deep down into yourself it will disappear in paradise."

We might say that the search has ended. Raw reality, experienced by man and elevated by the existentialists, has led us, through Marcel up a transcending path. "To express hope by some star, the eagerness of a soul by a sunset radiance," says Van Gogh.

EVEN T. S. ELIOT, who like Sartre experienced the sterility of the contemporary world and decided to "set his own lands

in order" at the end of the *Waste Land*, seems to have transcended his own ego, seems to have broadened his experience in the *Four Quartets*. For he says:

"And all shall be well and
All manner of things shall be well
When the tongues of flame are
in-folded
Into the crowned knot of fire
And the fire and the rose are one."

Eliot is speaking here of the love of God. Through our own intimate being we have explored within ourselves and at the end of all our exploring we find ourselves back where we started, and that place we shall know for the first time. End and beginning meet. In emanation are the many and in return is only One. For all of us who are artists, and even for artists and poets, this seems to mean that we should do every little thing to its perfection. And that is simply an old Christian maxim. For by transcendence, by digging deeper into experience, we reach a new depth and understanding, and this depth, for Marcel, is eternity.

We leave Sartre drinking dry wine in anguish in his plush cafe. We leave him reiterating Nietzsche's cry, "God is dead." Man is alone for Sartre because he has stopped at self immolation and has proclaimed man his own maker. He is stuck in the mire of his own experience and lacks the transcendence which is an integral part of the existentialism of Gabriel Marcel.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

WHEN the velvet curtains rose in Broadway's Playhouse on March 14, 1945, an expectant audience settled into their seats. Just in from Chicago after a sensational one hundred and eight performances which left behind a wake of buzzing critics and overflowing tills was *The Glass Menagerie* of Tennessee Williams. Onto the dim stage strolled Tom Wingfield, a pensive wanderer who, through puffs of a cigarette, quietly announced to the audience that here was a memory play explaining the nostalgia that dogged him from city to city.

By Cyril Gulassa

The lights dimmed, attention focused on the drab, mustard-colored brick of a tenement apartment and a story unfolded within a single room. Four persons lived in that room: Mr. Wingfield, who deserted the family but whose memory lingered in a mocking portrait hanging over the mantel; Mrs. Amanda Wingfield, the pathetic mother who tried desperately to prevent the lace and frills of her Southern upbringing from rotting in the steamy, slum atmosphere; Laura Wingfield, the crippled daughter,

who, having withdrawn from a world of reality that mocked her frailty and sensitivity, tied all the ribbons of her dreams around the little glass animals in her menagerie; and Tom Wingfield, the sullen yet sensitive son, who crammed his barren life full of poetry, movies and alcohol.

The surface plot was simple. Mrs. Wingfield strove only to find a husband for her shy daughter. After a session of intolerable pleading, she finally persuaded Tom to bring home a friend who worked in the shoe factory with him. The friend, Jim O'Conner, whom Williams used as a symbol for the long delayed but always expected something that one lives for, padded up the alley fire escape and entered the apartment like a May breeze that gently stirred Laura from her world of dreams. Before long, they curled up on the rug and chatted, danced, and finally kissed while Mrs. Wingfield tittered hopefully in the kitchen. But like a May breeze often does, Jim blew up a storm that delivered a thunderclap. "I've—got strings on me. I've—been going steady!" he explained to Laura, and she stood clutching the arm of the sofa while through the door drifted the ring of his descending steps. Then Tom sauntered back onto the stage, told how he left home, and said a last word about the memory of Laura, a memory that glides over the wake of his journeys like a sad bird.

Then the curtain fell and the

hush over the audience exploded into a thunderous ovation that drew Williams himself on to the stage for his share of the bows, and echoed for years afterwards in the reviews of contented critics.

The critics took special delight in singling out the poetic symbols in *The Glass Menagerie*. They dilated lovingly on the little glass unicorn which differed from all the other animals in the menagerie because of its single horn. When Jim accidentally broke the horn, Laura, who had imagined herself the mythical animal, interpreted it as a sign that she might live a normal life. This, they claimed, was evidence of one of William's many creeds: "We all have in our conscious and unconscious minds a great vocabulary of images, and I think all human communication is based on these images as are our dreams; and a symbol in a play has only one legitimate purpose, which is to say a thing more directly and simply and beautifully than it could be said in words." The critics also rhapsodized over the dialogue and setting and ultimately awarded Williams the New York Critics Circle Award for his "sensitive understanding of four troubled human beings."

BUT WILLIAMS did not soar into the broadway limelight with one graceful leap. *The Glass Menagerie* was the culmination of a painful climb out of the Puritan atmosphere of youth up across years of frustration and public indifference. Tennessee Williams

was born Thomas Lanier Williams in Columbus, Mississippi in 1914, of pioneer Tennessee stock. Because his father was a traveling salesman, Thomas stayed with his grandfather. "My grandfather was an Episcopalian minister," he writes. "We were brought up in an atmosphere of Southern Puritanism. It's like Northern Puritanism, except that it's more fractious." From the small house in which they lived the Williams children frequently spilled into the yard to carry out their exuberant games. "Life was pleasant — gracious, full of imaginings."

One day, in a fit of temper Williams called his nurse Ozzie a "nigger." The sensitive old woman immediately vanished, leaving him to stagger under a burden of distorted guilt that even today finds expression in his plays. Shortly afterwards, his father got a job in a Saint Louis shoe factory, and, taking along the family with him, he was forced to stuff them into the drab confines of a tenement district. To brighten the dingy atmosphere Williams painted the walls and furniture white and installed his sister's collection of glass animals, "making a place of white and crystal in the midst of squalor." "By poetic association," he writes, "they came to represent in my memory all the softest emotions that belong to recollections of things past. They stood for all the tender things that relieve the austere pattern of life and make it endurable to the sensitive." These are the memories

of youth that Williams revived in *The Glass Menagerie*.

WHEN TENNESSEE nearly failed in his studies, his father withdrew him from school and got him a job in the leather and rubber atmosphere of a shoe factory where he became a "miracle of incompetence." After each tedious day in the factory he spent the night writing until fatigue finally collapsed him. But he quickly recovered when he learned he did not have to return to the factory. He left instead for the University of Iowa where he received his degree, and, after a brief session at the University of Washington, he set out to win his fortunes. He worked as a bellhop, elevator operator, usher, teletypewriter, warehouse handyman, and a waiter and reciter of verse in a Greenwich Village night club. All the while, he wrote furiously both on and off the job. "I lived carefully," Williams says, "and whenever I'd saved enough to go some place else, I'd get a bus ticket and go."

Shortly afterwards he won official recognition when the Group Theatre awarded him a cash prize for his *The American Blues*, four one act plays depicting the throes of depression life. Later he won a scholarship to the New School for Social Research, where in the seminar for advanced playwrights he produced *The Battle of the Angels*, a full-length play which failed to charm the prim Bostonese audience before which it opened. In fact, writes Williams, "I never

heard of an audience getting so infuriated. The thing is, you can't mix up sex and religion as I did in *The Battle of the Angels.*"

After the failure of *The Battle of the Angels*, Williams returned to the streets and shops to make a living. For months he associated with Bohemian cliques and learned to subsist on a diet of alcohol and chicken sandwiches. Later MGM, fascinated by his poetic dialogue and vivid characterization, engaged Williams to write a few scenes for Lana Turner. When he failed in this attempt and, furthermore, flatly refused to write scenarios for the child star, Margaret O'Brien, he found himself barred from the studio, with nothing better to do than loll on the beaches of Santa Monica until his contract ran out. Quite content with the prospect of temporary security, he set off for the beach with pen and pad and wrote the first draft of *The Glass Menagerie*.

But after the New York premiere of *The Glass Menagerie*, Williams encountered a new bugbear, permanent security. He suddenly realized that profligacy—silk scarves, monogrammed shirts, champagne, and wild parties might frighten away his muse. At first he plunged into despondency, masking his fears with cynicism. Then he discovered a strange truth. It was his work, the hours spent before a silent typewriter, the coffee and cigarettes until dawn, the poetic visions and cries of trapped souls that really

solaced him. From the plush suites and parties of New York he withdrew to the solitude of his apartment in New Orleans and continued his writing.

While still in New York, Williams remarked to the critics who plagued him about his future plans, "In this play (*Glass Menagerie*) I have said all the nice things I have to say about people. The future things will be harsher." True to his word he promptly boarded an elevator and descended into the limbo of frustrated sex. In 1945 he published a slender volume, *Twenty-Seven Wagons Full of Cotton and Other One Act Plays*. Within its 207 pages abound enough neurotics to fill an Elizabethan bedlam. A few of the more colorful are Flora, a child masquerading in a woman's body that prefers a whiplash to a kiss to arouse its passions; a rancher who settles adultery with an axe; Mrs. Wire who lives in the midst of cockroaches and dilutes reality with whiskey; Eloi, a postman who filches dirty pictures, attacks his lady border and burns down the house; the landlady who spends her nights comforting her borders; the little man who prods garbage cans in search of Natchka, an old alley cat.

These Freudian nightmares Williams sketched sympathetically, and drew from their twisted lips now poetry, now profanity. He not only gave them all an air of the long ago and far away, but slipped between them and the audience a screen of tender pathos.

Up to this point Williams, rather than portray characters engulfed in a decadent society showed them grappling with their inner fears and sensibilities, wholly dominated by their passions and instincts. He retreated to the world of the mind, and even there, he preferred to dwell in the caves of the subconscious in order to record the habits of the ghouls and bats of repression that thrive in its gloom. One of his several mentors was D. H. Lawrence, and like Lawrence, he followed his creations down the path of failure.

But when he met Elia Kazan, one of the best and most influential directors in modern theatre, Williams halted his wholesale production of Freudian degenerates. And as a result, the 'Williams-Kazan Axis' quickly proved the greatest boon to both the theatre and motion picture industry. It was Kazan who extracted the better of Williams' characters from the sewers of psychology, scrubbed and perfumed them a bit, and turned their best profiles to the audience.

After meeting Kazan, Williams withdrew to his apartment in the *Vieux Carré* of New Orleans where he wove from his window gazings the bitter-sweet story of Blanche Du Bois. In this play titled *A Streetcar Named Desire*, Williams places a sizable chunk of realism on the stage, then covers it with a veil of sentimentality. Blanche, a sensitive but battle-scarred idealist, boards a

streetcar named Desire for the home of her married sister Stella where she plans to stay awhile. When she arrives at the Kowalski flat, she leaves outside an incredible past which includes a suicide husband, dissipation and prostitution, and tip-toes inadvertently into the lair of animal-like Stan and his mate Stella. Living by no other code than his own violent passions, Stan ultimately seduces the delicate creature while his wife labors in a nearby hospital. The play ends as an intern drives Blanche away to a mental institution. The story was as convincing as it was pathetic, and merited the praise lavished by critics.

IT WAS KAZAN, however, who quietly whittled the bulky plot to fit the narrow confines of the stage. Unlike most directors he sought Williams' advice on all matters, including the smallest bit parts. He ferreted out the 'spine' (a theatrical term for an overall meaning of a play) and strengthened it until it supported the card parties, beerfest, dances, and rape scene with flawless symmetry. The end product was a masterpiece that had the audience chanting "author."

A brief analysis of the plot of *A Streetcar Named Desire* reveals that sex takes precedence over frustrated sensitivity as the theme. Sex obsesses both of the sisters. Blanche attempts to cover hers with the frills of Southern chivalry, while Stella accepts hers with the vigor of a barbarian. Williams himself, when question-

ed about the theme of the play, is reputed to have said, "You had better watch out or the apes will take over."

In 1952, detaching himself momentarily from the apron strings of Kazan, Williams permitted Jose Quintero to stage his four year old drama, *Summer and Smoke*, in the Circle-in-the-Square in Greenwich Village. Despite its inflation by such venerated critics as Atkinson and Krutch, the play again failed to rise from the tomb of subjectivity. It lacked the vitalizing touch of Kazan, and viewers dismissed it as a 'stylized version' of the *Streetcar* situation.

In 1955, when Williams trooped into Hollywood with his modest success, *The Rose Tattoo*, Stevens took over the job of filming this tale of a lusty widow who surrenders herself to her vacuous lover when she discovers that her husband was unfaithful while alive. But despite the fact that Anna Magnani won an academy award for her role as Serafina, the widow; and French critics, always fascinated with the theme of decadence, accorded the play the same honors as they did for *A Streetcar Named Desire*, Williams considered the *Rose Tattoo* a failure. He felt it needed the magic camera of Kazan to be a "smashing success."

A YEAR LATER Williams again sought out Kazan. Together they produced *Camino Real*, which was an attempt to bundle onto the stage ideas rather than

characters. *Camino Real* is a plaza walled in with brick and separated from the world by a desert called *Terra Incognita*. The first travelers that this resting place hosts are Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Don's chart warns him to turn back, "for the spring of humanity has gone dry in this place." But unlike Sancho who immediately flees, Don remains to discover that his dreams are just dreams, that men are still inhuman to men. In the end, he and Kilroy, the American, strike out across the desert, the only means of escape. Williams, hence, tacitly warns that, "courage to face the unknown way is what really matters."

Unfortunately, a good portion of the audience which had come to be entertained, not to think, stomped disgustedly to the box office to demand its money back. Williams, peering sadly from the wings, chalked up another failure. This was the only failure of the Williams-Kazan Axis.

But the famed pair quickly rebounded with another great success, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. Here, once again, Williams bares life's Freudian bosom to the audience. Maggie complains to Brick, her husband, that she feels like a cat on a hot tin roof. He retorts, "then jump off," and tilts the bottle to his lips in an effort to dim the memories of his college football days and his dead friend Skipper with whom he is suspected of having had homosexual relations. Maggie, determined to pre-

vent her father-in-law's estate from falling into the hands of her scheming sister-in-law, kneels before the dying lord and boldly lies that she is pregnant. Before the end of the play, Brick resolves to make her lie come true. This sudden resolution saves the play from tragedy.

In this play Williams sounds one of his favorite themes, the loneliness of the individual self once the trappings of sham, false modesty and repression fall away. To accomplish this end Williams digs deep into the trunk of theatrical gimmicks and panels the back wall in mirrors which heighten the effect of near tragedy. Viewing these double images the audience finds itself in an uncomfortable position. It is both the sympathetic observer, empathically projecting itself into the very psyche of the characters, and the disinterested observer, watching from afar, seeing them for what they really are, poor, selfish participants in a game where every one wants to be a winner, and no loser can stand his own shame and disappointment. At any rate, the mirrors tell the audience the name of the game. It is a ridiculous scavenger hunt wherein all players scurry frantically in search of their own souls. The play met with such success that it won both the Pulitzer Prize and the Critics Award, and is still enjoying an unlimited run on Broadway.

THE KAZAN touch in Williams' plays, however, stands out

most dramatically in their latest and most controversial production, *Baby Doll*. For this play Williams resuscitated a few of his old characters who together spell out the pathetic theme of an old man who clings desperately to a young bride. Throughout this play Archie Lee Meighan stalks like a nervous bull, anxiously awaiting the day when his wife, Baby Doll, a petulant blond who sleeps in a crib and sucks her thumb, promised to consummate her marriage. All the while, Baby Doll's threat lingers in the back of Archie's animal brain. "Now I'm telling you that if the Ideal Pay As You Go Plan Furniture Company takes those five complete sets of furniture out of this house then the understanding between us will be canceled. Completely."

As the awaited day nears, complications set in. The furniture company rumbles in with a moving van and empties the rotting house of five complete sets of furniture. Archie's hate and disappointment focus on the source of his troubles, the Syndicate Cotton Gin which has forced him out of business. Fortified with a few shots of unlabeled whiskey, he picks up a kerosene can, hops into his chevy and sets fire to the Syndicate Cotton Gin. The next day Vacarro, who is the manager of the destroyed mill, and who suspects Archie, arrives with twenty-seven wagons full of cotton to be ginned. Archie's spirits rise as he pictures the return of the fur-

niture. He claps Vacarro on the back, introduces him to his wife and mumbles something about the "Good Neighbor Policy." While the suave Sicilian eyes thinly frocked Baby Doll, Archie runs around in the yard shouting, "move those Wagons."

Later in the day, when a cylinder head breaks in the cotton gin, Archie speeds off to Memphis to replace the part. Then Aunt Rose, the only other member of the Meighnon household sneaks off to the bedside of a dying friend in order to eat the chocolate cherries furnished by the hospital, abandoning the house to Vacarro and Baby Doll. The two amuse themselves by playing a game of hide and seek that ends in a crumbling attic with Baby Doll signing a confession of her husband's guilt. The rest of the afternoon, Vacarro spends sleeping in the crib while Baby Doll coos 'Rock a bye baby.'

When Archie returns and finds Vacarro still around, he suspects the worst. He drinks himself into a rage, seizes a shotgun and stumbles out into the trash strewn yard blasting at shadows while Vacarro and Baby Doll hide high in a pecan tree. The play ends as the police arrive to disarm Archie and Aunt Rose sings:

Rock of ages, Cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

WHEN KAZAN took over the direction of this potpourri of frustration, he set fire to the

dynamite Williams had carelessly strewn about. Where there was no sex he made sex, and where there was sex, he exploded it into the sweaty passion of the brothel. The lens of his camera probed relentlessly into the very corners of the rotting mansion, lingered on naked light bulbs, played on the dusty roads and the clapboards of the trembling mill, and focused minutely on the passion-twisted features of the shabby characters. The romping game of hide and seek took on neurotic dimensions that would frighten Freud. Through it all sounded a wild symphony of laughter and cries timed to the throbbing heartbeat of the cotton gin.

The *Saturday Review of Literature*, after complimenting Kazan on his "most skillful film to date," tersely appends: "It is also one of the most unhealthy and amoral pictures ever made in this country." Cardinal Spellman, going even further, declared *Baby Doll* intrinsically evil and forbade Catholics under his jurisdiction to see the picture. The Cardinal's pronouncement precipitated a quarrel with Dean James A. Pike of New York who argued that the Church, rather than condemn portrayals of real life, should seek answers to the problems they raise. But how much of real life the film portrays is debatable. At any rate, Elia Kazan expresses regret over the ruckus the film has created. "Now my picture looks like a sexy, dirty, sneaky film. And that isn't what I had in mind

when I made it." Kazan believes that "the important thing is to be truthful." And, he later adds, "Life is gross."

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS learned most of his techniques from two modern playwrights. From Jean Giraudoux, whom he considers the greatest living playwright, Williams learned to combine fantasy with common sense, and to place occasionally an optimistic rainbow just beyond the clouds that dim his stage. From Luigi Pirandello he learned how to penetrate through the flesh and skull in order to expose the mechanism of the brain, and how to generate those clouds of choking pessimism.

But although Williams learned his techniques elsewhere, his characters stem from his own personal world, a world seething with malformed souls. Each creature strives to repair his own psyche,

and depending on success or failure, emerges from or withdraws into the microcosm of self.

The plays, in addition, abound in symbols that link one with the other, symbols of the decay of the aristocracy, of festering idealism, of delusion and frustration. Although the plots are generally flabby and contrived, the realism of the characters together with the sincerity of their quests and near poetic dialogue wrests the themes from mediocrity, and catapults the American stage and Williams into a position of world prominence.

But Williams refuses to take any definite stand concerning his creations. He comments wryly: "I don't believe pat conclusions are true, and that all questions should be answered in a play. There should always be an element of the unresolved, for we all go out of life still wondering."